

GARRISON *the*
NON-RESISTANT

by ERNEST CROSBY

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Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

GARRISON

THE

NON-RESISTANT

By

ERNEST CROSBY

Author of

"PLAIN TALK IN PSALM AND PARABLE," "CAPTAIN
JINKS, HERO," "SWORDS AND PLOUGHSHARES,"
"TOLSTOY AND HIS MESSAGE," "TOLSTOY
AS A SCHOOLMASTER," "BROAD-
CAST," ETC.



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To
WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, Jr.
A Son
Worthy of His Father

Author's Note

The facts relating to the life of Garrison and the anti-slavery struggle recited in this volume were gathered from the monumental work, "William Lloyd Garrison, The Story of His Life Told by His Children" (Four Volumes, Octavo, Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston, Mass.), a fascinating book which should be found upon the shelves of every public library in America.

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FROM lips that Sinai's trumpet blew
We heard a tender under-song ;
Thy very wrath from pity grew,
From love of man thy hate of wrong.

—WHITTIER, "To Garrison."

CHAPTER I

THE LIBERATOR

In a small chamber, friendless and unseen,
Toiled o'er the types one poor, unlearned young man;
The place was dark, unfurnished and mean;
Yet there the freedom of a race began.
—LOWELL, "To Garrison."

Oliver Johnson gives a graphic description of the room under the eaves of Merchants' Hall, Boston, in which Garrison printed the early numbers of his *Liberator* in January, 1831. "The dingy walls, the small windows bespattered with printer's ink, the press standing in one corner, the composing stands opposite, the long editorial and mailing table covered with newspapers, the bed of the editor and publisher on the floor—all these," he tells us, "make a picture never to be forgotten." "It was a pretty large room," says a later visitor, "but there was nothing to relieve its dreariness but two or three very common chairs and a pine desk in the far corner at which a pale, delicate and apparently overtaken gentleman was sitting. . . . He was a quiet, gentle and I might say handsome man." The editor and his partner,

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Isaac Knapp, lived for more than a year "chiefly upon bread and milk, a few cakes and a little fruit, obtained from a baker's shop opposite and a petty cake and fruit shop in the basement, and were sometimes on short commons at that." Here they worked fourteen hours a day at the manual labor of their enterprise. Garrison was at this time only six-and-twenty, and he had just been released from Baltimore jail, where his sympathy for the slave had placed him. He had no money, no subscribers, and scarcely a friend, but he procured some well-worn, second-hand type, and went forward against the Goliath of slavery with the calm assurance of a David "choosing him five smooth stones out of the brook." And indeed the language which he holds differs not essentially from that of the Hebrew shepherd. Thus spake David: "Thou comest to me with a sword and with a spear and with a shield, but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of Hosts; . . . this day will the Lord deliver thee into my hand." In the first number of his journal the penniless and friendless Garrison delivered himself as follows:

I determined at every hazard to lift up the standard of emancipation in the eyes of the nation within sight of Bunker Hill and in the birthplace of liberty. That standard is now unfurled, and long may it

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float, unhurt by the spoliation of time or the missiles of a desperate foe—yea, till every chain be broken and every bondman free! Let Southern oppressors tremble—let their secret abettors tremble—let their Northern apologists tremble—let all the enemies of the persecuted blacks tremble. . . . I will be as harsh as truth and as uncompromising as justice. On this subject I do not wish to think or speak or write with moderation. . . . I am in earnest—I will not equivocate—I will not excuse—I will not retreat a single inch—and *I will be heard*. . . . Posterity will bear testimony that I was right.

The picture of this shabby room with the pale young man at the case deserves to hang in the rotunda of the National Capitol, next to those of Columbus landing on the shores of the new world and Washington receiving the sword of Cornwallis.

Who was this rash and intemperate fellow, who dared for many years to shock every respectable fiber in the character of New Englander and Northerner as well as of Southerner? William Lloyd Garrison was born at Newburyport, Massachusetts, in 1805, the eldest of three children. When he was three years old, his father, who “followed the sea” and had taken to drink, deserted his wife and family and was never heard of more. They were left utterly destitute, and the mother, a noble woman, supported her babes

by going out as a monthly nurse. She also made candy, which Lloyd peddled about town. He was apprenticed to a boot-maker at an early age, and afterwards to a cabinet-maker, but he had neither the strength nor the mechanical skill necessary for these occupations. At last, when he was thirteen years old, he found his proper place in the printing office of the Newburyport "Herald." He soon became an expert at the types, a fellow printer testifying that he could work faster than anyone he had ever seen with one exception, and that he was far more accurate than this solitary rival. At sixteen he began to write for the paper, sending in his contributions anonymously by the post. His first article arrived in this way while he was engaged in setting up type, and his employer read it aloud approvingly in his presence, and turned it over to its author to set up, little guessing his identity. Long before his apprenticeship of seven years expired, Garrison was practically the sub-editor of the newspaper. At twenty-one he had a journal of his own, the Free Press, in his native town, and he distinguished his six months' interest in this sheet by discovering Whittier. The future poet was then a clumsy, half-taught farmer's lad of eighteen. He had already begun to write verses, and his sister, without his knowledge, sent some of them to

the Free Press. Garrison at once recognized their merit and published them. He drove over to Haverhill to see the author and found him working in the fields barefoot. It was this encouragement that confirmed Whittier in his career and induced him to seek further education. As Garrison's venture at home was not sufficiently successful, he removed to Boston. Two years later he is editor of the first total abstinence paper ever published, the National Philanthropist, and in its columns he also declares his opposition to war.

The year 1828 was the turning point of Garrison's life, and his conversion to the cause of the slave was the work of a Quaker who had already devoted thirteen years of his life to that object. Benjamin Lundy had given up a profitable business at a great sacrifice to edit an anti-slavery newspaper and urge the formation of anti-slavery societies. He was now the editor of the *Genius of Universal Emancipation*, which he conducted at Baltimore, and in which he advocated gradual Abolition and the colonization of freedmen in Hayti. He traveled all over the country on foot in the prosecution of his designs, walking in this way thousands of miles. Visiting Boston in 1828, he happened to board at the house in which Garrison was living, and the latter was much impressed by the spirit of the missionary.

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Lundy tried to rouse the Boston clergy to an interest in his plans, and to induce them to form an anti-slavery society. He invited them to a private meeting, but only a few responded, and of these only eight would go so far as to recommend his paper. One or two expressed their readiness to take part in an active movement, but they were men of small weight in the community. All of those who attended the meeting were opposed to slavery, but with one consent most of them made excuse. "It would enrage the South to know that an anti-slavery society existed in Boston." "It would do harm to agitate the subject." The project of a society had to be abandoned.

But if Lundy had failed with the clergy, he had inspired one more powerful than they were. Garrison was at the meeting, and was scandalized at the cowardice of these, the bravest representatives of the churches. A sudden enthusiasm for the cause of Negro freedom seized him. He began at once to attack slavery in his temperance paper, and announced as his triple aim the abolition of slavery, intemperance and war. Soon after this he went to Bennington, Vermont, to take charge of a newspaper which was supporting the re-election of President John Quincy Adams. In this journal Garrison continued to denounce slavery, to insist on its

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abolition in the District of Columbia, and to suggest the formation of anti-slavery societies. The hunting of escaped slaves was common at this time in the North, and occasionally they preferred death to capture. Yet with such things taking place before their eyes, the population was blind to the iniquity of the system which rendered them possible. Garrison's management of the new paper was most successful. We have Horace Greeley's authority for the statement that it was "about the most interesting newspaper ever issued in Vermont."

Lundy at Baltimore had watched the course of his disciple with pleasure, and in 1829 he came to Bennington, walking much of the way, to persuade him to join him in editing the *Genius*. Garrison did not hesitate for a moment to follow his friend's example and to give up a promising career for the certain want and hardship of a life consecrated to the liberation of the slave. He proceeded to Baltimore, and in September his name appears with Lundy's in the latter's paper. His experiences at Baltimore accentuated his hatred of slavery. He saw the auction of Negroes continually in progress, for many poor wretches were sold here and shipped to the New Orleans market. With his own ears he heard, while walking in the streets of the city, "the distinct application of a whip and the

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shrieks of anguish" of the victim. One slave exhibited to him his back bleeding from thirty-seven terrible gashes inflicted by a cowhide thong. The courage of both editors in these surroundings knew no bounds, and in their columns they openly rebuked the worst offenders by name. On one occasion Garrison heard of slaves being shipped in a vessel belonging to a prominent citizen of Newburyport. He immediately began an attack upon him in the *Genius*, printing his name in capitals. He branded him and men like him as "the enemies of their own species—highway robbers and murderers." The result of this plain speaking was an indictment for malicious libel. Garrison was tried by a jury, found guilty, and sentenced to the payment of a fine of fifty dollars and costs, amounting in all to over one hundred dollars, a sum far greater than he could raise, if he felt disposed to. In consequence he passed seven weeks in jail, and while there he prepared a pamphlet giving an account of his trial, which attracted attention far and wide, and also devoted himself to his fellow-prisoners, drawing petitions for pardon for several of them. He was finally released through the liberality of a New York merchant, Arthur Tappan, and he came out of prison undaunted and in buoyant spirits. Meanwhile the *Genius* had ceased to appear on account of lack of support, and the

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partnership with Lundy was of necessity dissolved.

As Garrison had no longer any reason for remaining in Baltimore, he returned to Boston, and in August, 1830, he issued proposals there for a paper of his own. He also began to lecture on slavery. When he advertised for a free hall in Boston for an anti-slavery address not a church volunteered, although it was the custom of the time to hold all kinds of meetings in churches, but a favorable response was received from an "infidel" society. It was actually a fact that at that period Garrison was almost the only man in New England whose eyes were entirely open to the sin of slavery.

On January 1st, 1831, the first number of the Liberator made its appearance. At the head of its columns was the motto, "Our country is the World. Our countrymen are Mankind;" and it was further ornamented by a wood-cut representing a slave-auction block and whipping post with the dome of the Capitol at Washington in the background. This initial number struck one note which distinguished it at once from all other anti-slavery publications. It called for immediate and unconditional emancipation. Until recently Garrison had believed in the gradual freeing of the slaves, but on thinking the matter over he came to the conclusion that it was immoral

to favor the continuance for an hour of a system which is morally wrong. This novel "immediatism," as it was dubbed, coupled with the intentional harshness of the editor's vocabulary, which was in striking contrast with his manner in private life—these two peculiarities of the *Liberator* made it a mighty force almost from the beginning. The slave-holders themselves did much to make the paper widely known, proving once again that nothing helps a cause so much as a strong opposition. Taunted with being "man-stealers," they were soon goaded into a fury. The legislature of Georgia offered a reward of five thousand dollars for Garrison's capture. Throughout the South demands were made that the State of Massachusetts should put a stop to the incendiary publication and arrest the editor with or without the law. The public officials of the slave states inaugurated a system of examining the mails and throwing out all pamphlets and circulars reflecting on slavery, and this plan was followed for many years in flagrant violation of the postal laws. The high-handed conduct of the South produced a double effect in the North. A large portion of the community was in favor of humbly submitting to all the claims made upon them, either from sympathy with slavery or from a craven desire for peace; but there were many who, while by no means

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approving of Abolition, still cherished some prejudices in favor of the freedom of white men, and were forced by the overbearing insolence of the slave-holders in some degree to sustain Garrison in the right of free speech. The Abolitionists themselves, whose cause had dragged on without result for many years, in spite of the sincerity, ability and vigor of Lundy, for want of a definite programme, at once recognized the fact that their true leader had appeared; and most of them flocked to his banner, although Lundy himself, who died in 1839, never became an immediatist.

CHAPTER II

THE BOSTON MOB

Woe unto you! for ye build the sepulchres of the prophets, and your fathers killed them.—St. Luke, xi:47.

In 1831 Garrison founded the New England Anti-Slavery Society at Boston, and began to lecture in its behalf. This was followed by the formation of a great number of such bodies, state and local, including the national society founded at Philadelphia in 1833. For some years associations were established at the rate of more than one a day, and a single society sometimes numbered its members by the thousand. Garrison's talents for public speaking stood him in good stead in promoting the formation of these bodies. He was not an orator, but the force, earnestness and logic of his addresses almost always carried his audiences with him. The first great contest in which Garrison had to engage was between the "immediatists" and the American Colonization Society, an institution whose chief function was to put the conscience of the people at rest under the delusion that the

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Negroes could be deported to Hayti or Liberia, but which in reality was only effective in removing freedmen whose efforts on behalf of their brethren in bonds were feared by the slave-holders, and the latter were by no means unfriendly to this movement. Garrison exposed the plan thoroughly in a pamphlet published in 1832, and a twelve-month later, on a special mission to England, he won over the principal Abolitionists there to immediatism as opposed to colonization, including the venerable Wilberforce. Six years afterwards, on another visit to Great Britain, he had the satisfaction of securing the adhesion of Clarkson, who hitherto had been induced by misrepresentation to support the colonizationists. In America it soon became clear, owing to Garrison's exposure of it, that colonization meant the indefinite continuance of slavery. Among the humors of his first stay in London was a dinner-party at which his host on receiving him and hearing his name lifted up his hands and exclaimed, "Why, my dear sir, I thought that you were a black man, and I have consequently invited this company of ladies and gentlemen to be present to welcome Mr. Garrison, the black advocate of emancipation from America!" He had in fact supposed that no white American could plead for the slave as he had done in the *Liberator*. This

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was a compliment to the editor indeed! Garrison attended Wilberforce's funeral at Westminster Abbey, an humble follower in a distinguished throng, but destined to do even more for the African race than the great Englishman.

On landing at New York on his return from England in 1833, Garrison was present at a meeting called for the purpose of organizing a City Anti-Slavery Society. The enemies of the movement had issued circulars calling for a pro-slavery demonstration at the same time and place, with the object of breaking up the meeting, and a mob of drunken blackguards came together in consequence and succeeded in bringing the meeting to a violent close. The *Courier and Enquirer* had much to do with fomenting the riot on this occasion and the *Commercial Advertiser* and other "respectable" newspapers joined in denouncing Garrison. The *Evening Post* said: "We should be sorry that any invasion of his personal rights should occur to give him consequence and to increase the number of his associates." When Garrison reached Boston, he found that there, too, circulars had preceded him, calling upon the public to meet in front of his office on a given evening armed with plenty of tar and feathers, but although a dense mob breathing threatenings

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which foreboded a storm came together, they dispersed without doing any damage.

The angry temper of the Northern public had also been shown elsewhere. In Connecticut, in 1833, Prudence Crandall, who had established a school for colored girls, was shut out of the churches, shops and public conveyances; her well was filled with manure, and her house smeared with filth and at last set on fire. At Boston the directors of the Athenaeum library excluded Mrs. Child from using it because she was an Abolitionist. When anti-slavery sentiment made itself audible at Lane Theological Seminary, the trustees, with the assent of the president, Dr. Lyman Beecher, suppressed all debate on the subject. The Rev. Dr. Leonard Bacon accused candidates for elective office who were willing to array themselves under the banner of the Abolitionists, with being "political desperadoes;" and the American Bible Society actually refused a gift of five thousand dollars which was to be devoted to the distribution of Bibles among the slaves! The great church assemblies showed their friendship for slavery in many ways, and a Presbyterian elder did not hesitate to say in the General Assembly of that denomination at Pittsburg, in 1835, that the church was the patron of slavery and responsible for its cruelties. Throughout the whole period of agitation

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against slavery not a Catholic priest nor an Episcopal clergyman came forward as a friend of the oppressed, with one possible exception. They were engaged in the time-honored pastime of passing by on the other side.

Pro-slavery meetings were held in New York and other cities and pro-slavery riots broke out in many parts of the North. A great meeting was held at Faneuil Hall, Boston, on August 21st, 1835, to protest against Abolition. The principal men of the city took part and the mayor was in the chair. One of the orators turned to the portrait of Washington and invoked his example on behalf of the slave-holders. The sum of three thousand dollars was offered in the South for the apprehension of Arthur Tappan, the New York philanthropist. At Concord (auspicious name!) Whittier was pelted with stones and mud. A Harvard professor lost his chair on account of his Abolition sentiments, and leading Northern publishers took pains to assure the South that they would print nothing hostile to slavery. This ignominious subservience to the slave power seemed to be almost universal.

Amid such opposition and although "all pandemonium was let loose," Garrison became only more confident and determined. Four men, he tells us, are enough to revolutionize the world. Financial difficulties continually

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beset his path, but he always succeeded in surmounting them, and despite many a gale, the *Liberator* was able to proceed on its way. But the most conspicuous pro-slavery demonstration was in the event directed against Garrison himself, and was the immediate result of the antagonism of the enemies of Abolition towards George Thompson, a distinguished English Abolitionist, who was lecturing in America, and whose interference with our "domestic" institutions was most offensive to them. It was announced that he would address a meeting of ladies on the afternoon of October 21st, 1835, at a hall adjoining the offices of the Anti-Slavery Society and the *Liberator*, at 46 Washington street, Boston. Placards were posted in public places urging good citizens to bring the "infamous foreign scoundrel to the tar-kettle before dark." In response to this several thousand angry men gathered in the street at the time set for the meeting, but Thompson had been wisely kept away. The women showed the greatest coolness and courage and went quietly on with their proceedings, although the door of the hall and the stairways of the building were thronged by a threatening and unruly mob. The mayor arrived upon the scene and endeavored to disperse the crowd outside by announcing that the Englishman was not in the city, but

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they soon showed that they did not care on whom they vented their wrath, provided only that it was on an Abolitionist. At last they broke in through the door of the Anti-Slavery Society office, where Garrison was calmly writing a letter. Some constables succeeded, however, in getting the rioters out of the house before further violence was done, and the mayor, going to the meeting-room, ordered the ladies to leave the building, as he would be unable to protect them longer. They adjourned accordingly to the house of one of their number, marching out two and two, each white woman taking a colored one with her. "When we emerged into the open daylight," says one of the number, "there went up a roar of rage and contempt. They slowly gave way as we came out. As far as we could look either way the crowd extended—evidently of the so-called 'wealthy and respectable,' 'the moral worth,' the 'influence and standing.'"

"Garrison! Garrison!" was now the cry. "We must have Garrison! Out with him! Lynch him!" The mob demanded that the anti-slavery society signboard be removed. The mayor at once ordered it to be taken down, and it was speedily torn to pieces. The mayor now besought Garrison to escape by the rear of the building, and the latter, preceded by a friend, dropped from a back window on the

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roof of a shed and sought refuge in a carpenter shop on the street behind; but his retreat was already cut off. The workmen in the shop did what they could for him, shutting the front door and keeping the crowd back until Garrison could hide himself upstairs, but in a few minutes the ruffians broke in and had no difficulty in finding his place of concealment. They seized him and dragged him to the window, intending to throw him out, but someone below in the street shouted, "Don't kill him outright," and, changing their minds, they tied a rope round him and let him down by a ladder. Fortunately he was received at the bottom by two strong men who were determined that the fame of Boston should not be stained by a lynching. They succeeded, with superhuman efforts, in guiding him through the crowd, in which it was evident now that Garrison had some sympathizers, to the door of the neighboring city hall, over the very ground where the first martyrs of the Revolution were slain in the Boston massacre of 1770, and where their degenerate descendants were now taking the part of the oppressors. The mayor had already reached the building. "On my way from the Liberator office to the city hall," he says, "several people said to me, 'They are going to hang him! For God's sake, save him!'" Garrison was conducted with much difficulty

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to the mayor's office, and as he was now bare-headed and half naked, the friends of the mayor were obliged to lend him clothes to cover him. They decided that the only way to save him was to commit him to jail as a disturber of the peace! A carriage was sent to the door to deceive the mob, and while they waited, another carriage bore him from a door in the rear to the city jail. But the people, when they discovered the ruse, rushed upon the vehicle and tried to drag him out. They clung to the wheels, dashed open the doors, seized hold of the horses and tried to upset the carriage. But the police did their best, the driver plied his whip on the horses and on the rioters, and by some miracle Garrison was deposited at the jail in safety and locked up in a cell. On the morrow he left Boston and did not return until the fury of the storm had spent itself, but even then he was forced to change his residence, as his former landlord feared that his house might be destroyed.

The biographers of Garrison call attention to the attitude of the authorities during this episode. "Law officers in abundance overlooked the scene of the mob; the legislators, in special session at the state house—John G. Whittier among them—hastened down to become spectators. Law was everywhere, but justice was fallen in the streets. . . .

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Wendell Phillips, commencing practice in his native city, and not versed, perhaps, in the riot statutes, wondered why his regiment was not called out." An alderman, when questioned while the riot was in progress, "intimated that, though it was the duty of the mayor to put down the riot, the city government did not very much disapprove of the mob to put down such agitators as Garrison and those like him." The editor of the New England Galaxy overheard a justice of the peace remark: "I hope they will catch him (Garrison) and tar and feather him; and though I would not assist, I can tell them five dollars are ready for the man that will do it."

The press, secular and religious, unanimously showed its opposition to the Abolitionists in this matter. The Daily Advertiser considered "the whole transaction as the triumph of the law over lawless violence," and the Christian Watchman (save the mark!), a Baptist journal, declared that the Abolitionists were as culpable as the mob.

In the pages of the Liberator Garrison described the riot, and attacked its promoters and sympathizers with his customary force and ability. During the danger he had not for a moment lost his composure, as all who saw him bore witness, friend and foe alike. "Throughout the whole of the trying scene,"

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he testifies himself, "I felt perfectly calm—nay, very happy. It seemed to me that it was indeed a blessed privilege thus to suffer in the cause of Christ. Death did not present one repulsive feature. The promises of God sustained my soul, so that it was not only divested of fear, but ready to sing for joy." This same courage enabled him to stigmatize the outrage in his paper according to its deserts, and never for an instant did he alter his tone from any sense of fear. Harriet Martineau, who was visiting America at this time, gives her impressions of Garrison's appearance and manner. "It was a countenance glowing with health, and wholly expressive of purity, animation and gentleness." She found "sagacity the most striking attribute of his conversation," which was "of the most practical cast."

The year 1837 showed a marked improvement in New England sentiment. While it is true that the Congregational Church protested against the discussion of "certain topics" in meeting-houses, and that the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society could not find a suitable hall or church to meet in at Boston and was obliged to organize over a stable, still the legislature went so far as to permit it to make use of the state house. This was a strong indication that the Abolitionists had become a power to reckon with. Twelve

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hundred anti-slavery societies were now in operation, and the foul murder of the Rev. E. P. Lovejoy, at Alton, Illinois, by a mob which thus exhibited its disapproval of his anti-slavery journal, did much to stir up Abolition sentiment, already stimulated by many similar outrages in the South. Lovejoy's assassination brought Wendell Phillips into the ranks of the Garrisonians, and he declared himself in an eloquent speech at Faneuil Hall at a meeting called to express the indignation of all that was best in Boston. But still the low passions of the friends of slavery continued to show themselves at the North. In 1838, during a convention of Abolitionists, Pennsylvania Hall, a building recently erected in Philadelphia for these and other philanthropic meetings, was burned to the ground by a pro-slavery mob; and it was only by calling out the militia that a similar crime was prevented in Boston, where another hall had been built for the same purposes.

CHAPTER III

NON-RESISTANCE, DISSENSIONS

*Integer vitæ scelerisque purus
Non eget Mauris jaculis neque arcu
Nec venenatis gravida sagittis,
Fusce, pharetra.*

—HORACE, *Odes*, 1:22.

Any account of Garrison which failed to give due emphasis to his belief in “non-resistance” would be most imperfect, for he regarded this principle as the very root of all his convictions. He seems very early to have had an instinctive repugnance to the use of physical force. In the declaration of sentiment which he drew for the American Anti-Slavery Society in 1833, and which was adopted, he says: “Our principles forbid the doing of evil that good may come, and lead us to reject, and to entreat the oppressed to reject, the use of all carnal weapons for deliverance from bondage. . . . Our measures shall be such only as the opposition of moral purity to moral corruption—the destruction of error by the potency of the truth—the overthrow of prejudice by the

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power of love—and the abolition of slavery by the spirit of repentance.” In the midst of the Boston mob he exhorted his friends not to resort to violence, and he expressed his regret that Lovejoy fell fighting. The question of the moral character of war was much agitated about this time, and Garrison contended that if peace was invariably incumbent on nations, it must be no less so between individuals.

As was the custom of the day, a convention was called to consider non-resistance as the true basis of peace. Some hundred and fifty delegates met in September, 1838, at Boston, and Garrison as usual dominated the deliberations, and drew up a declaration which was carried and afterwards signed by a large majority, and which he fondly hoped would “make a tremendous stir, not only in this country, but in time throughout the world.” “Mankind shall hail the 20th of September with more exultation and gratitude than Americans now do the 4th of July.” The document is a long one, but the salient paragraphs are as follows:

We cannot acknowledge allegiance to any human government; neither can we oppose any such government by a resort to physical force. We recognize but one King and Lawgiver, one Judge and Ruler of mankind. We are bound by the laws of a

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Kingdom which is not of this world, the subjects of which are forbidden to fight.

As every human government is upheld by physical strength and its laws are enforced virtually at the point of the bayonet, we cannot hold any office which imposes upon its incumbent the obligation to compel men to do right on pain of imprisonment or death. We therefore voluntarily exclude ourselves from every legislative and judicial body, and repudiate all human politics, worldly honors and stations of authority. If we cannot occupy a seat in the legislature or on the bench, neither can we elect others to act as our substitutes in any such capacity.

It follows that we cannot sue any man at law to compel him by force to restore anything which he may have wrongfully taken from us or others; but if he has seized our coat, we shall surrender up our cloak rather than to subject him to punishment.

We believe that the penal code of the old covenant, "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," has been abrogated by Jesus Christ, and that under the new covenant, the forgiveness instead of the punishment of enemies has been enjoined upon all his disciples in all cases whatsoever.

The history of mankind is crowded with evidences proving that physical coercion is not adapted to moral regeneration; that the sinful disposition of men can be subdued only by love; that evil can be exterminated from the earth only by goodness.

But while we shall adhere to the doctrine

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of non-resistance and passive submission to enemies, we purpose, in a moral and spiritual sense, to speak and act boldly in the cause of God; to assail iniquity in high places; to apply our principles to all existing civil, political, legal and ecclesiastical institutions.

The triumphant progress of the cause of temperance and abolition in our land . . . encourages us to combine our means and efforts for the promotion of a still greater cause.

This "greater cause" (an admission indeed for Garrison) held its own for some years. The convention founded a Non-resistance Society, and published a semi-monthly paper, with Edmund Quincy as editor, who showed his sincerity by returning to the governor his commission of justice of the peace. His journal was issued for several years and paid expenses. But the demands of Abolition and non-resistance upon the same individuals proved too great, and gradually and imperceptibly the movement subsided, destined doubtless at some future day to reassert its claim upon the conscience of mankind, although it may present itself in a different and more philosophical form.

During these years signs of disaffection began to show themselves in the Abolitionist ranks. The scandalous inhumanity and cowardice of the churches had kindled against

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them the just indignation of Garrison and many of his followers. They retorted that he was an "infidel" and that his harsh language was unchristian. Five Abolitionist clergymen led a revolt against him and insisted upon the formation of a new organization with a new journal of its own. It would be tedious to trace the history of these dissensions. They continued for many years, but Garrison stood to his guns without flinching, and in the end his course was fully justified. He also aroused opposition by refusing to countenance political action and by preaching non-resistance in the *Liberator*. His opponents urged that any Abolitionist who failed to vote was a traitor to the cause. Garrison, however, had conscientious scruples against voting, and in the whole course of his life only voted once for a political officer, and that was when he was a very young man. The seceders nominated candidates for president and vice-president in the national election of 1840, a course which only revealed their weakness, as party spirit ran so high that most of the anti-slavery voters followed their old party leaders to the polls. The "third party" Abolitionists, who supported their own candidates in 1840, eventually drifted into the Free Soil Party, and in 1852 were contented with a declaration against the extension of slavery and the enforcement

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of the fugitive slave law—so far had political compromise allured them from the principle of immediate emancipation. It was fortunate that they never got the upper hand in the American Anti-Slavery Society. The question of woman's rights was also a burning one among the Abolitionists, and the cause of divisions. Should they or should they not take an equal part with men in conventions and committee work? Garrison stoutly upheld their right on all occasions; and when at the world's anti-slavery convention in London in 1840 they were excluded from the floor, he declined to present his credentials as a delegate and took his seat among the spectators in the gallery.

Garrison's policy against slavery was chiefly directed toward the creation of sentiment, but he had several minor measures at heart which he strove to forward with his customary persistence. He was active in petitioning Congress to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia. For years, as is well known, the Southern members tried to deny the right of petition in this regard, and John Quincy Adams bravely withstood them. The course of the South in opposing this clear Constitutional right disgusted all fair-minded people in the North and helped to spread and consolidate anti-slavery opinion. Another aim of Garrison's was to persuade

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England to buy her cotton from the free labor of India and thus strike a blow at the pockets of the slave-holders. Commercial reasons had much to do with Northern pro-slavery feeling, for the merchants of the free States did not wish to have their markets disturbed. General Dix, afterwards governor of New York, records that in 1850 he found merchants of high standing in the metropolis who declared their readiness to advocate the re-establishment of the foreign slave trade and the reintroduction of slavery at the North.

CHAPTER IV

CONSTITUTION AND CONSCIENCE

Were you looking to be held together by lawyers?
Or by an agreement on a paper? Or by arms?
Nay, nor the world nor any living thing will so cohere.
—WALT WHITMAN, "Drum-Taps."

The Constitution of the United States recognized the legality of slavery, and an idolatrous regard for that document and for the Union maintained by it between the States closed the eyes of many Americans to the iniquity of the institution. Webster was the high priest of this fetish-worship, and his miserable capitulation to the slave power was in part due to this false patriotism, and in part to his presidential aspirations. But he humiliated himself in vain. Even Lincoln, who knew that "if slavery is not wrong, nothing is wrong," felt justified as late as August, 1862, in saying, "If I could save the Union without freeing any slaves I would do it; if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could do it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that." Garrison never allowed the Con-

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stitutional argument to obscure the moral obligation. He frankly acknowledged that he preferred the dissolution of the Union to the recognition, express or implied, of slavery in any form. It is rather difficult to understand at this distant day why the people of the North were so anxious for union with States whose inhabitants visited upon them indiscriminately the most opprobrious epithets, and I am inclined to believe that the Southerners must have had more respect for the outspoken anathemas of Garrison than for the truckling subserviency of time-serving politicians and tradesmen. The non-resistant was more of a man than his fellow citizens who saw nothing wrong in war. "No Union with Slave-Holders" became his motto, and in 1844 he began to print it weekly at the head of the columns of the *Liberator*. The Constitution was now for him a "covenant with death and hell." The annexation of Texas in the teeth of the most solemn obligations, for the sole purpose of extending slavery over a territory in which it had been abolished, strengthened the feeling of hostility to the government among the Abolitionists, and the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law was almost more than they could bear. The South was steadily pursuing a policy which was bound to swell the Abolition ranks and to rouse the enmity of many

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who had hitherto been friendly to them. In the light of history nothing could have been more futile than the course of their boasted statesmen. Even Boston could hardly stand the sight of a fugitive slave marching down to the wharf between files of soldiers to be returned to the questionable mercies of his master. Webster besought his State to "conquer her own prejudices," and declared that "anyone can perform an agreeable duty; it is not every man who can perform a disagreeable duty," a remark which measures the depth of Northern hypocrisy, and shows that on the whole the North was more contemptible, if not more wicked, than the South throughout these wretched years. President Fillmore disgraced his State, New York, by signing the Fugitive Slave Bill in 1850, although, if he had vetoed it, there was a chance of defeating it on its second passage. Six thousand Negroes at once fled from the mis-called free States across the border into Canada and found freedom on British soil. When Wendell Phillips and Theodore Parker addressed a mass-meeting at Faneuil Hall to protest against the return of a captured slave, Judge B. R. Curtis, who hoped to obtain the post of chief justice from the slave power, and was in fact one of the greatest of living jurists, urged the grand jury to indict them as "obstructing the process of the

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United States;" and that honorable body complied with his request. President Pierce, a New Hampshire man, ordered out the troops to make sure the delivery of the unfortunate captive. Congress, bent upon proving that it was as much enslaved to the slave-holders as the Negroes themselves, in obedience to its task-masters, swept aside the Missouri Compromise, and passed the Nebraska Bill, which opened to slavery a vast region which had been solemnly dedicated by the same body to freedom. True indeed were Whittier's lines:

And Law, an unloosed maniac, strong,
Blood-drunken, through the blackness trod,
Hoarse-shouting in the ear of God
The blasphemy of wrong.

We may readily imagine the frame of mind in which these events left Garrison. At the 4th of July celebration of the Abolitionists at Framingham, Massachusetts, in 1854, he made an address in the open air, in the course of which he produced a copy of the Fugitive Slave Law, and setting fire to it, burned it to ashes. "And let all people say, Amen," he cried; and a shout of "Amen" went up from the vast crowd. Then he burned the decision of the commissioner ordering the surrender of a slave, and also the charge of Judge Curtis to the grand jury. "And let all the people say, Amen." Then

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he held up the Constitution of the United States, and declaring it to be the source and parent of the other atrocities, he committed it too to the flames. "So perish all compromises with tyranny, and let all the people say, Amen." And the audience again responded from their hearts, "Amen!" In 1857 he went so far as to take part in a State convention, called to urge the separation of the free from the slave States.

It must not be supposed that throughout these years the Abolitionists were less persecuted than formerly by their enemies. If public sentiment in some quarters was becoming more favorable to them, that very fact aroused the base passions of their opponents. In 1850 James Gordon Bennett, in the *Herald*, deliberately stirred up a mob to put down the anniversary meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society at New York. He described the speakers as "William H. Furness, of Philadelphia, white-man, from Anglo-Saxon blood; Frederick Douglass, of Rochester, black-man, from African blood; William Lloyd Garrison, of Boston, mulatto-man, mixed race; Wendell Phillips, of Boston, white-man, merely from blood." He added that "Garrison surpasses Robespierre and his associates," and borrowing his language apparently from a future generation, calls the members of the society "Abolition-

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ists, socialists, Sabbath-breakers and anarchists." The Globe quite distinctly advised the murder of Douglass. The mob assembled promptly, and although on the first day the firm dignity of the speakers held them at bay, the further continuance of the convention was rendered impossible. "Thus closed anti-slavery free discussion in New York for 1850," said the Tribune. Similar events occurred in Boston, and the crowd silenced Phillips himself in Faneuil Hall. Even after Lincoln's election, anti-slavery meetings were broken up by rioters in Boston, and on one occasion Phillips' life was for a time in danger. In Brooklyn Henry Ward Beecher had to be guarded by the police in Plymouth Church.

CHAPTER V

THE CIVIL WAR

War is a condition of hate subsisting between persons, and peace is a condition of good-will subsisting between persons.

—ERASMUS.

Garrison's doctrine of non-resistance was put to the test throughout this period and to the end of the Civil War itself, but he never wavered. In 1856, during the early struggle for freedom in Kansas, Theodore Parker and Henry Ward Beecher had not hesitated to hold meetings in their churches with the object of raising money to buy rifles for the anti-slavery volunteers. Mr. Beecher said: "You might just as well read the Bible to buffaloes as to those fellows who follow Atchison and Stringfellow." Garrison expressed his emphatic dissent from this assertion. To class human beings as wild beasts was, he said, merely to adopt the theory which the slaveholders applied to their slaves. The "border ruffians" of Kansas were less blameworthy than their respectable backers. "Convince us that it is right to shoot anybody, and our perplexity would be

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to know where to begin—whom first to despatch as opportunity might offer. We should have to make clean work of the president and his cabinet”—and he goes on to enumerate various distinguished men who must be considered as accomplices.

We know not where to look for Christianity if not to its Founder, and taking the record of his life and death, of his teaching and example, we can discover nothing which even remotely, under any conceivable circumstances, justifies the use of the sword or rifle on the part of his followers; on the contrary, we find nothing but self-sacrifice, willing martyrdom (if need be), peace and good-will, and the prohibition of all retaliatory feelings enjoined upon all those who would be his disciples. When he said, "Fear not those who kill the body," he broke every deadly weapon. When he said, "My kingdom is not of this world, else would my servants fight that I should not be delivered to the Jews," he plainly prohibited war in self-defense and substituted martyrdom therefor. When he said, "Love your enemies," he did not mean "kill them when they go too far." When he said, while expiring on the cross, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," he did not treat them as a "herd of buffaloes," but as poor, misguided and lost men. We believe in his philosophy; we accept his instruction; we are thrilled by his example; we rejoice in his fidelity.

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Such was the argument of the man whom the churches, crying "Lord! Lord!" denounced as an infidel. It was in this very year that the Independent, one of the best known religious papers of the country, and on whose editorial board were such distinguished clergymen as Dr. Leonard Bacon and Dr. Storrs, called Garrison an infidel "of the most degraded class!"

When at last war became inevitable, Garrison deplored the martial spirit of many of the Abolitionists. "When the anti-slavery cause was launched," he said, "it was baptized in the spirit of peace."

We proclaimed to the country and the world that the weapons of our warfare were not carnal, but spiritual, and we believed them to be mighty through God to the pulling down even of the stronghold of slavery, and for several years great moral power accompanied our cause wherever presented. Alas! . . . We are growing more and more warlike, more and more disposed to repudiate the principles of peace. . . . Just in proportion as this spirit prevails, I feel that our moral power is departing and will depart. . . . I believe in the spirit of peace and in sole and absolute reliance on truth and the application of it to the hearts and consciences of the people. I do not believe that the weapons of liberty ever have been, or ever can be, the weapons of despotism. I know that

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those of despotism are the sword, the revolver, the cannon, the bombshell, and therefore the weapons to which tyrants cling and upon which they depend are not the weapons for me, as a friend of liberty. . . . Much as I detest the oppression exercised by the Southern slaveholder, he is a man, sacred before me. He is a man, not to be harmed by my hand nor with my consent. He is a man who is grievously and wickedly trampling upon the rights of his fellow-man; but all I have to do with him is to rebuke his sin, to call him to repentance, to leave him without excuse for his tyranny. He is a sinner before God—a great sinner; yet, while I will not cease reprobating his horrible injustice, I will let him see that in my heart there is no desire to do him harm,—that I wish to bless him here, and bless him everlastingly,—and that I have no other weapon to wield against him but the simple truth of God, which is the great instrument for the overthrow of all iniquity and the salvation of the world.

In speaking of John Brown after his raid at Harper's Ferry, he says:

Judging him by the code of Bunker Hill, we think he is as deserving of high-wrought eulogy as any who ever wielded sword or battle-axe in the cause of liberty; but we do not and we cannot approve any indulgence of the war spirit. John Brown has perhaps a right to a place by the side of Moses,

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Joshua, Gideon and David, but he is not on the same plane with Jesus, Paul, Peter and John.

But these principles of Garrison did not prevent him, whenever war was actually raging, from wishing success to those who fought on the side of liberty.

As an ultra-peace man, I am prepared to say: Success to every slave insurrection in the South and in every slave country.

I thank God when men who believe in the right and duty of wielding carnal weapons are so far advanced that they will take those weapons out of the scale of despotism and throw them into the scale of freedom. It is an indication of progress and a positive moral growth; it is one way to get up to the sublime platform of non-resistance; and it is God's method of dealing retribution upon the head of the tyrant. Rather than see men wearing their chains in a cowardly and servile spirit, I would, as an advocate of peace, much rather see them breaking the head of the tyrant with their chains. Give me, as a non-resistant, Bunker Hill and Lexington and Concord, rather than the cowardice and servility of a Southern slave plantation.

Garrison applied these rules to the Civil War, and gave his entire sympathy to the cause of the North, while disapproving altogether of the resort to arms. Although for some time after the election and inauguration of

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Lincoln the Abolitionists had reason to doubt his intentions with reference to slavery, and especially after he had summarily revoked the orders of General Fremont and General Hunter liberating the slaves in their respective military districts, still Garrison saw deeper than most of his fellow reformers, and almost from the first gave him his support. Lincoln's oath of office, indeed, obliged him to accept the Constitution, and to that extent he was not a free man or a free moral agent. Occupying this false position, he felt bound in his inaugural address indirectly to stigmatize John Brown's undertaking as the "greatest of crimes." He also insisted, in the same address, upon the rendition of fugitive slaves, and appealed to the oaths of members of Congress to sustain this obligation. Could any more striking example of the baneful effect of oaths be given than these passages which his oath extorted from the future Emancipator? He rose to a higher sense of his duties later when he told Congress in 1864 that "If the people should by whatever mode or means make it an executive duty to re-enslave such persons, another, not I, must be their instrument to enforce it." Resignation of office is surely the only course for an official who finds himself called upon to do something which offends his conscience. Garrison earnestly urged the renomination

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of Lincoln against the bitter opposition of Wendell Phillips, who always strangely misunderstood the President.

Now at last the virtues of the Abolitionists began to be generally recognized. In 1864 George Thompson, who nearly thirty years before had barely escaped violence from pro-slavery mobs, returned to America. He was given a public reception in Boston, with Governor Andrews in the chair, and at Washington a short time afterwards, he was invited by the House of Representatives to deliver a lecture in their hall. Garrison, too, was treated with great respect when he visited the national capital, and in the last month of the war, at the invitation of Secretary Stanton, he was present at the raising of the flag on Fort Sumter on the fourth anniversary of its capture. Dr. Cuyler, of Brooklyn, records that while he was standing with Garrison in the streets of Charleston, a band passed them playing "John Brown's Body." "Only listen to that in Charleston streets!" exclaimed Garrison, and they both broke into tears. The Negroes received him in a large church building, several thousand of them being crowded into it. One of them addressed him in an eloquent oration on behalf of his race and two little slave girls presented him with flowers. This occurred on the very morrow of Lincoln's death, the

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news of which had not yet arrived. One of the party present at Fort Sumter and Charleston has informed the present writer that it was most impressive to see the reverence with which the Negroes looked at Garrison, many of them touching his coat as if they expected virtue to come out of it.

When the adoption of the thirteenth amendment to the Constitution, declaring the abolition of slavery, was assured, Garrison made up his mind to bring the *Liberator* to a close and to retire from the various anti-slavery societies. Their work was indeed ended, the mass of the population had caught up to them, and it was absurd now to pretend to any exclusive virtue. Many of the Abolitionists were incensed at his course, and insisted on keeping up the skeleton of their organization for several years; but the life had left them, and their total lack of influence proved how wise Garrison's action had been. He set up the last paragraph of his paper himself in December, 1865, and republished in the last issue the prophetic salutory of thirty years before. Not one penny of gain had he to show for this lifetime of service.

CHAPTER VI

THE LABOR QUESTION

God speed the hour, the glorious hour,
When none on earth
Shall exercise a lordly power
Nor in a tyrant's presence cower,
But all to Manhood's stature tower
By equal birth!

—WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON,
"The Triumph of Freedom."

Garrison lived for thirteen years after the close of the war, and he continued to take an active interest in the freedmen, in woman's rights, in temperance, free trade and other reforms. He protested against the exclusion of the Chinese from America, believing that the yellow man is a brother as well as the black. "No suitable occasion for bearing peace and non-resistance testimonials was neglected" by him, as his biographers tell us. He opposed the introduction of military drill into the public schools, and his conversation so impressed a young Japanese student who was preparing himself in America for the army of his country that on his return home he refused to serve for conscience' sake, and was duly cast into prison.

It is not without regret that we must

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record Garrison's insensibility to the claims of the working classes outside the ranks of the slaves. Their condition was placed before him by a correspondent in 1875, but it did not appeal to him. He seemed to think that the ballot (which, by the way, he considered it wrong to make use of) was an all-sufficient remedy for their ills, and that the laboring man held his fate in his own hands. "You express the conviction," he adds, "that the present relation of capital to labor is 'hastening the nation to its ruin,' and that if some remedy is not applied it is difficult to see 'how a bloody struggle is to be prevented!' I entertain no such fears. Our danger lies in sensual indulgence, in a licentious perversion of liberty, in the prevalence of intemperance, and in whatever tends to the demoralization of the people." In the same strain might a Southern planter have answered Lundy in the twenties! Garrison was only a fallible mortal after all, but surely he had already deserved well enough of his kind for us to overlook the natural conservatism of his old age. It is not everyone that can preserve to the end the freshness and alertness of vision of his youth, a quality which distinguished Wendell Phillips from his colleagues and outweighed the trivial defects of his character.

The workingman, it should be said in this

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connection, at one time at least had shown his devotion to the cause of the slave, and placed all Abolitionists under lasting obligations. In 1863 a friend writing to Garrison from England says:

The working classes also have proved to be sound to the core, wherever their opinion has been tested. Witness the noble demonstration of Manchester operatives the other day, when three thousand of these noble sons of labor (many of whom were actual sufferers from the cotton famine) adopted by acclamation an address to President Lincoln sympathizing with his proclamation. A friend of mine who was present on the occasion tells me that the heartiness and enthusiasm of the workingmen was something glorious; that he heard them say to one another that they would rather remain unemployed for twenty years than get cotton from the South at the expense of the slave. Mr. Thompson has been in other parts of Lancashire, and the meetings he has addressed have been attended with the same results. Our experience in London has been equally satisfactory. It would have done you good if you had . . . attended the great meeting of the working classes which we held on the 31st of December—the eve of freedom.

Mr. Thompson himself corroborated this account in a letter written a month later:

On New Year's Day I addressed a crowded assembly of unemployed operatives

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in the town of Heywood, near Manchester, and spoke to them for two hours about the slaveholders' Rebellion. They were united and vociferous in the expression of their willingness to suffer all the hardships consequent upon a want of cotton, if thereby the liberty of the victims of Southern despotism might be promoted. All honor to the half million of our working population in Lancashire, Cheshire and elsewhere, who are bearing with heroic fortitude the grievous privations which your war has entailed upon them! The four millions of slaves in America have no sincerer friends than the lean, palefaced idle people, who are reconciled to their meager fare and desolate homes by the thought that their trials are working out the deliverance of the oppressed children of your country. Their sublime resignation, their self-forgetfulness, their observance of law, their whole-souled love of the cause of human freedom, their quick and clear perception of the merits of the question between North and South, and their appreciation of the labor question involved in the "irrepressible conflict," are extorting the admiration of all classes of the community and are reading the nation a valuable lesson.

CHAPTER VII

GARRISON THE PROPHET

Rejoice, and be exceeding glad, . . . for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.—St. Matthew, v:12.

The career of Garrison is in many ways typical of that class of men who in the days of the ancient Hebrews were called prophets. Brought up in a strictly conventional and orthodox manner, he was in his youth a Puritan of the Puritans, a firm believer in the infallibility of the Bible and the divine character of the church. Educated in a society which still remembered the days of the Revolution, he was taught to look upon that war as one ordained by heaven, and upon American institutions as the embodiment of absolute justice. Gradually, however, doubts crept into his mind. He felt instinctively that physical combat was beneath the dignity of man. How then could wars be right? And how could governments which depend upon military power be righteous? Slavery was an evident fruit of coercion, the very *reductio ad absurdum* of it; and yet it was supported by the government, and by its

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fundamental law, the Constitution, and it was openly abetted and defended by the church. Was it possible to worship institutions which brought forth such harvests? By their fruits ye shall know them, and this fruit was rotten to the core. And he began to preach a crusade against coercion, and the government which enforced it, and the church which blessed it. Public opinion in Garrison's time, and to a lesser degree to-day also, was singularly alike in religious and political matters. The pope, a man, had been deposed on the one hand, and the Bible, a writing, set up in his place. The king, a man, had been dismissed on the other, and the Constitution, a writing, enthroned in his place. The infallibility of the pope had been transferred to the Bible, and the majesty of the king to the Constitution, and protestantism and democracy seemed destined to end in the worship of printer's ink. It was the old error which has always called forth the prophet to denounce it—the error of exalting the letter above the spirit. If protestantism and democracy have any meaning, they stand for freedom; and yet Garrison found them approving of military coercion, warfare and slavery. What was he to do? It was a hard wrench for him. It required many months for him to appreciate the true bearings of the situation, but when he once saw clearly that his

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own standards of ethics were far higher than those of church and state, he took the part of the spirit against the letter, and of the living truth against the fossilized lie. And the result was that which no prophet has ever escaped. He was persecuted and hounded. He was called an infidel and blasphemer and Sabbath-breaker. He was accused of stirring up the people and stimulating insurrection among the slaves. But he stood firm, remembering the injunction to rejoice and be exceeding glad, for so had they persecuted the prophets which were before him.

Garrison was a prophet, too, in the character of his work. His denunciation of wrong was in the language of Isaiah and Amos; he had their fiery spirit and unmeasured tongue. It is easy to argue that this temper is unkind and unchristian, but I confess that I like it, when it has no personal intent. Take away the "woes" which Jesus pronounced against pharisaism and hypocrisy, and you leave his character enfeebled. Somehow a loving heart and strong language against evil can contrive to thrive together. And in private life Garrison was all kindness, devoted to his wife and children and friends, and in turn almost adored by them. Nor, so far as I know, did he ever use harsh words towards any man to his face, and if he erred in this respect

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occasionally in his writing, it was because he took the individual as the incarnation of a wrong. His personal geniality and benignancy among his acquaintances were so great that it seemed impossible that he was the man who could, when occasion demanded, thunder against wickedness in high places. There was no limit to his courage when attacking the evils of slavery. While at Baltimore he showed again and again his willingness to run any risk in stigmatizing the conduct of those who were engaged in the slave trade, if necessary by name; and one ruffian who threatened him, he invited to come and meet him.

He was free, too, from some of the common defects of reformers. There was nothing abnormal about him, except his philanthropy. As a boy he was active in sports, a good swimmer and skater. He sympathized heartily with the struggle of the Greeks for independence, and, having not yet formulated his belief in the immorality of war, he thought seriously of volunteering to fight in their behalf. His constitution was strong, and, so far from suffering from indigestion (which accounts for so much sour criticism of things as they are), he declared that he never knew that he had a stomach. And yet there was something of New England asceticism about him, for which I do not propose to apologize.

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The example of his father and of a brother who also died a drunkard naturally turned him against strong drink and the coercion of bad habits. He had little patience with smoking or loose or self-indulgent habits of any kind. One of his closest followers of a younger generation became in later years a disciple of Henry George and an advocate of equal rights in the raw material of the globe. Upon his first meeting with Mr. George, the great land reformer invited him into a beer-saloon to discuss the question with him, and the new recruit was shocked at the idea. Abolitionists of the true stripe looked upon the saloon as the gate of hell, and nothing else. But in movements of this kind, asceticism, the control of the appetites, the ascendancy of the mind above things, has its place, and so, too, does the easy-going acceptance of democratic manners with their sociability and joviality. It is foolish to quarrel with these differences of temperament, for they diversify human nature and make the world a pleasanter place to live in. Certainly it would lack a good deal of backbone if the Puritan ideals were lost for good and all. Garrison was a Puritan to the end, and one of the best specimens of that strong type.

And above all he was a prophet in his absolute merger of himself in his cause. Outside of it he had no personal ambition; and there

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is something which compels admiration in this attitude. Garrison belonged to a higher class of men than Lincoln, for he forgot himself in his desire for the triumph of what he regarded as the right. Lincoln's great achievements were incidents in a political career of the ordinary kind, the object of which was the promotion of his own interests and the assurance of his own advancement. As the world goes, we cannot criticize the ambitious lawyer, ready to argue any side of any case, nor the ambitious politician who wishes to be conspicuous; but such occupations and aspirations would be impossible to the noblest type of man. Garrison would at any moment have given his life and devoted his name to oblivion, if by so doing he could have helped his cause. And he was withal the most modest of men, even in conventions of his own people avoiding all appearance of dictation.

And the last mark of prophethood was also Garrison's. Despised and rejected of men during the active part of his career, insulted, mobbed, almost massacred, yet, even sooner than is usually the case, the children of those who would have stoned him have raised monuments to his memory. The fine statue on Commonwealth avenue, Boston, in the very city which once nearly murdered him, bears on its pedestal the words taken from

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the first editorial in the *Liberator*, "I am in earnest, . . . and I will be heard," and teaches a profound lesson to the young American as to the possibilities of the career of the prophet, even at this late day. What man walking the streets of Boston in the winter of 1831 would have guessed that the most important bit of contemporary history was being transacted in an obscure garret? Their minds were occupied with the doings of Congress and the dispatches from London and Paris, but the real motive power of society rarely shows itself on the surface. What man who looked on at the Boston mob of 1835 would have supposed for a moment that the hatless, coatless, bewildered victim of the crowd would conquer in the end, and that the men who were threatening him would live to be ashamed of their cause? I think it was Whittier who advised young men to seek for some just and despised cause and attach themselves to it. Even from the standpoint of worldly wisdom, this is not such bad advice. The man who loses his life finds it. Garrison might have become a leading editor, or author, or poet, or statesman (for he possessed the gifts necessary for these callings), and he might have left a comfortable fortune to his children; but it is doubtful if in any other way than as a prophet he would have won a monument for himself.

CHAPTER VIII

GARRISON THE NON-RESISTANT

Oh, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

—SHAKSPERE, "Measure for Measure."

It is not without reason that I am treating Garrison as primarily a non-resistant, and only secondarily as an Abolitionist; for it was only by chance that his attention was turned to the abolition of slavery, while his instinctive dislike of coercion and love of freedom were wider and earlier. They accounted for his condemnation of war, and they would have led him in his youth to take the side of liberty in any conflict which the condition of the times might have forced upon him. Garrison recognized fully the profounder claims of non-resistance and the fact that the abolition of slavery was a mere episode in its history. The coercion of man by man was the root of slavery, and it is also the root of a thousand other ills. Between nations it means war and conquest and imperialism and international misunderstandings and hatreds

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and tariffs. Massachusetts and Boston have had the honor of leading in many campaigns for freedom. They were the first to resent the tyranny of George III. Under Garrison they were the headquarters of the anti-slavery movement. Recently we have found there the center of protest against the seizure and subjugation of the Philippines. But in every case it has been a select minority which has taken up the cause of liberty, and in every case this minority has been reviled and despised. Sam Adams was not respectable. Garrison was an "infidel" agitator. And to-day the anti-imperialists, the logical successors of Adams and Garrison in claiming freedom for all, are treated with scant courtesy. Let them possess their souls in patience. They will have their reward.

But each of these movements was but an incident in the grand march toward freedom, and Garrison saw the wider aspects of his faith. He was one of the heralds of a new instinct—the instinct that man belongs to a higher plane than that of physical violence, and that he must rise above the methods of brute force in dealing with his fellows. The evolution of the race is a mysterious thing. Whence came the ideas of association, of love of neighbor, and of love of enemies? The new seed-thoughts take root at first in a single mind or in a very few select ones, and

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centuries pass before the stony hearts of men at large are fructified. These are real instincts, like that which sends the chick after its food before it is quite free of the egg. And the faint promise of that desire in the egg may have induced it to make an immense effort in the dark—to attempt the impossible—to break down its old environment, apparently impervious and eternal, and seek a new world of infinite possibilities. There are two sides to evolution—that usually dwelt upon, of conformity to environment—and that far more significant one of dissatisfaction with environment, determination to rise above it, and the actual effort against all nature to discover or create a new one. Life means not submission to, but mastery of, environment, and every seed is at heart a rebel. The parts of chaos were well suited to each other and to the whole. Whence came the whisper that there was something better, and the struggle of the universe to lift itself, as it were, by its own waist-band? It was an effort to do the impossible, and it succeeded. Discontent with environment is a motive power, and Garrison's instinctive aversion to coercion was a new creative principle which will yet have its preponderant part to play in the history of man. Of course, I do not mean to say that he was the first man to feel the

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novel truth. It had been let loose many centuries earlier, and here and there there had always been witnesses to it; but in his own day and generation Garrison was a pioneer of non-resistance, and he was no imitator or repeater, but he felt its direct claims in his own consciousness.

And men are governed and must be governed by their feelings. We are in the habit of talking of logic as if it were superior to sentiment; but all logic starts out from sentiment, and every syllogism can be traced back to a feeling—a taste—about which it is not to be disputed. Even mathematics, the most logical of sciences, rests upon axioms, and axioms are feelings. We say that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points, because we “feel” that it is; and in the same way we believe that two parallel lines can never meet, and that one and one always make two. But these are all mere feelings, and the new mathematicians are actually arguing to-day that parallel lines can meet, and that our axiomatic feelings are erroneous. Men often think that they are guided by reason, while as a matter of fact they really feel their way; and it is not a bad plan when logic leads you to some act which shocks your feelings, to use these latter as tests of logic. It is this humble, instinctive way of behaving which we call common-

sense, and common-sense is the natural corrective of logic—just as when, sailing by right ascension and declination, we see the breakers ahead, we do not hesitate to fall back on the vulgar assistance of the lead. There is no such thing as pure logic. We are always guided either by feeling or by feeling-plus-logic; and hence logic, so far from adding certainty to our conclusions, rather, by bringing in a new element, adds a new possibility of error. The chief use of logic is not to show me what to do, but to afford me a rational excuse for doing what common-sense dictates. It is not the foundation on which I build my wall, but the prop with which I shore it up when it begins to look shaky. All the good and all the evil in the world have been caused by feelings, but probably feelings-plus-logic have done more harm in the long run than undiluted feelings. Logic is relentless. The logic of Torquemada was unanswerable. Heretics were damned. They made converts who were also damned. It was better to torture and kill a few of them than to consign a large portion of the race to hell forever. Q. E. D. The argument is unassailable, but if Torquemada had consulted his heart for a moment he would have thrown the whole flimsy sophism overboard. If I may indulge in a Hibernicism I would say that it is a good thing to keep your heart

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at your elbow. For the heart is the root of all, and feeling is the mother of logic, though logic often disowns its mother and endeavors to cut loose from her apron strings, ashamed apparently of its low birth. True logic should be proud of its maternal ancestor, and delight in calling in the good old lady whenever it seems to be coming to grief.

And clearly the idea that logic can independently lay down eternal truths is a fallacy, for the human race is living and growing. Our viewpoints vary and change from day to day. Our feelings are different from those of our fathers, and the logical structure which we rear upon them merely adds to the confusion. Garrison and Draco could not have argued intelligibly together because their root-feelings were different—they belonged to different epochs. Axioms alter from age to age, and the *Quod erat demonstrandum* of one period is the *Reductio ad absurdum* of the next. And the hard logic of an earlier age often survives into a new generation against whose deepest instincts it offends, and yet we persist in our allegiance to the old truth, become falsehood. There is therefore a grain of truth in the common saying that a rule of action is correct in theory but not in practice. Thus the axiom that it is best to hit a man who differs from you over the head has been fossilized and preserved by the logical insti-

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tutions founded upon it, into the midst of a period in which men feel instinctively that other less clumsy methods of treatment are better. We owe a lot of trouble to the Q. E. D.'s. And Garrison's mistake was not that he adopted a wrong principle, but that he was ahead of his times. He believed that the declaration of the non-resistant convention would sweep over the country as the Declaration of Independence had done, only with a more profound and intense effect, as it was infinitely wider in scope. But two things are necessary to the success of a cause—not only a prophet, but also a people capable of understanding the prophet; and this audience was lacking to Garrison. He would have liked to be a leader to guide the world into the paths of peace. He had to content himself in this regard with acting as a pioneer to stake out the land which some day mankind will occupy. His immediate leadership was confined to a cause which in comparison was limited and local.

But was this non-resistance principle of Garrison's a true one? And is there any prospect that it will triumph in the future? As an axiomatic statement its final sanction must be found in the individual consciousness. Answer for yourself. Is there nothing at the bottom of your heart which suggests to you at your best moments that the exer-

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cise of physical force against your fellows is unworthy of you? Has not the advance of civilization made men more and more skeptical of the virtues of violence? Many men, at any rate, while repudiating the claims of non-resistance, pay it the indirect compliment of worshipping or honoring supremely the men who have taught it. There can be no doubt about it—violence is played out. The use of physical force in the management of rational creatures is a survival of less enlightened times. The tendency is away from violence of all kinds. Most of the evils of the world are caused by violence. Read the history of mankind from the monuments of Assyria and Egypt down to the morning's news, and you will see that it is one long record of violence—man lifting up his hand against man and nation against nation. Murder, arson, robbery—robbery, arson, murder—it is the same old story over and over again. And to-day the dead and wounded lie all around us, not on the obvious battlefield only, but in city and town and hamlet. Visit the slums of New York or Chicago or London. See the poverty and crime and disease which come from overcrowding and enforced idleness and excessive labor side by side—the necessary consequences of monopolizing by force the natural opportunities of the earth; men and women suffering from a rigid

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and artificial arrangement of things formed and perpetuated in the last resort by the mailed hand of society, held ever in readiness to crush the offender. The physical struggle has never ceased, disguise it as we may endeavor. Society has always been a Donnybrook Fair, and it is high time that we should be ashamed of our manners, for nothing could be more vulgar than this everlasting appeal to the cudgel.

And the way to stop is to stop! This seems such a simple remedy that men will have none of it. Yes, violence is an evil, they say; let us put it down by more violence. And we start out, each of us with his own ideas and his own weapons, and we proceed to break each other's heads again, and in so doing we are repeating the old useless conflicts of the Pharaohs. This noisy, bloody business is not the real history of the world. Its real history is the history of ideas. The real battle that counts is in the minds and hearts of men. Let us order our armies up to that plane. And at our best, I repeat it, we all feel a call to rise to that higher level. There is something degrading in the use of force against others, and we are all conscious of it at the time. It is impossible to kick anything, I do not care what, and feel human. Catch yourself *flagrante delicto* the next time and

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arraign yourself at your own bar, and I predict that you will find yourself guilty. It is a debasing proceeding. It is not our proper method, and if our environment seems to demand it, we must hope and pray and work for a new one; and the best way to create a new one is (so far as in us lies) to behave as if it had already arrived. Overcome evil with good. That is the truly human way. Let others get the better of us in this matter of violence. Forgive them. Let by-gones be by-gones. Stop this eternal bookkeeping of offenses between you and your neighbor, and do what you can to bequeath a clean slate to posterity.

And the non-resistant is no weakling. Garrison himself is proof enough of that. The very renunciation of physical force seems to give a new and loftier power to a man. No, the strenuous man is not the soldier on horseback with saber drawn, but rather the man with folded arms who sees a new truth and utters it regardless of consequences. No one can injure the man who refuses to be hurt. You may kill him but you cannot touch the man in him. In another place I have given some examples¹ of the power and influence of such men even upon the savages

¹"Tolstoy and His Message," Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York.

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of America and Africa.¹ The most influential men in history have eschewed physical force as an instrument. What man of all has exerted the deepest, widest influence upon mankind? Surely Jesus Christ from whom the very term "non-resistant" is derived. And after him? Siddartha, the Buddha, who absolutely condemned all violence. What man to-day in the Russian Empire, that home of brute force, has the greatest import for the world? Leo Tolstoy, without doubt, the man who would not lift his hand to compel. And Garrison, how do you explain the fact that he, with his hands tied behind his back, was the main motive power in that movement which has dwarfed all the rest of our history?

Let us beware, however, of imitations and travesties of non-resistance. It is no colorless, negative quality, and should have no taint of timidity, no suspicion of effeminacy. Let us be quite sure that we are above violence, and not beneath it. It is far better to fight to the death than to decline the combat from cowardice, whatever may be the name behind which we mask it. A soft answer may, too, be turned into an offense, if the wrong emphasis is placed upon it. An apology

¹ De Quincey in one of his articles on "Walking Stewart," the eccentric traveller, quotes the latter to the following effect: "It was generally supposed, he said, that the civilized traveller among savages might lay his account with meeting unprovoked violence, except in so far as he carried arms for his protection. Now he had found it by much the safer plan to carry no arms."

should not come too easily. It ought to be a sort of self-punishment which will make me hesitate another time before incurring my own displeasure. I have a friend who apologizes at the least provocation—"Oh, yes, to be sure. You are quite right. I am awfully sorry;" and in five minutes he will be doing the same thing again, and rattling off the same formula. An over-issue of apologies is like an over-issue of paper dollars; it makes them altogether valueless. The superficial readiness to forgive comes under the same category. I once read a letter in which the writer apparently inflicted an injury upon the recipient. He closed it glibly as follows: "I know you will resent this, but I forgive you freely beforehand." Of course, this coin was counterfeit on its face. Forgiveness and apology, from sinned against and sinning, must represent positive sympathy with the other party, or they really become affronts. Forgiveness is a sort of self-blame, too; you blame yourself for not having forgiven before—for having to forgive at all—for taking any notice whatever of the offense, and it is the lack of universal sympathy which makes either necessary. You find yourself out of tune, like a violin, and you proceed to screw yourself up to the proper pitch. The chief use of forgiveness and apology is to the forgiver and apologizer.

CHAPTER IX

THE DELIMITATION OF NON-RESISTANCE

That society is the greatest where the highest truths become practical.

—SWAMI VIVEKANANDA.

Garrison expressed the obligation of non-resistance in its strongest form, and would admit of no exception or qualification. He declared that he would not defend his wife by force in case of an assault, and for such extreme expressions he has been freely criticized. For my part I do not object to overstatements (if this is one). They have their dramatic value, and carry their cause when a carefully trimmed shaft falls short. Just as an athlete makes his muscles rigid one at a time, first the right arm and then the left, now the waist muscles and then those of the legs—so mankind may well exercise its various powers to the utmost in turn. The all-round man is the ideal, but until we can produce him we must specialize more or less. I delight in the strong expression of an idea, from Francis of Assisi to Nietzsche,

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for I find the same muscle imperfectly developed in myself. Each muscle needs the greatest development, and perfection will come with the equilibrium of the most vigorous opposites, and not with their atrophy. Pull your side of the boat and let me pull mine. Too much time is wasted in port's swearing at starboard and starboard at port. Your main duty is to be sincere and to be strong and to pull.

But I believe that Garrison was right for other reasons than these. He was conscious of a new moral obligation to refrain from violence of all kinds, and it came to him as an abstract unqualified principle of universal application. It is of the very nature of moral principles that they transcend present environments and point to the future. The fact that they are impracticable is the very source of their strength, for the attempt to apply them tends to transform the world. What dead things our principles would be if we could actually live up to them! They create and regenerate because they are impossible. It is impossible to be perfect in an imperfect environment, and yet it is our duty to be perfect; and this inherent contradiction in the moral world is the reason for the paradoxical character of all great teaching and the guaranty of perpetual improvement in the human race. Hence we cannot express our

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obligations in too strong and absolute terms, and the task of whittling them down to suit emergencies emasculates them and renders them useless.

Take the obligation of telling the truth. Every man feels the beauty of this principle, and yet we know that there are occasions upon which we might utter falsehoods and justify ourselves in so doing. But is it not still true that the act of lying to an armed enemy, for instance, to save the life of a child would be an unpleasant act—that it would cause us a certain degree of offense—that we would wish to escape the apparent necessity? Is it not difficult to conceive of such a lie on the lips of a Jesus or a Buddha? and do we not instinctively take it for granted that they would find some other way out of the dilemma? And so with courage and cowardice. Where shall the line between them be drawn? At what degree of danger may the brave man be justified in flinching? Surely there is but one proper rule of action and that is, Never flinch. Nature will draw the line without our assistance. I am convinced that the attempts to delimit and define moral laws of this kind is demoralizing. They will delimit themselves sufficiently in practice. We must accept them in their fullest sense, and then practice them as best we can, being assured

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that the mental perplexity which besets us is a part of the growing pains of the race. Not at all that such principles must be accepted as objective, dead, literal laws, but rather as living principles with all the transforming potencies of life. The injunction of the Decalogue against slaughter has never been improved upon. "Thou shalt not kill," said the law-giver, and unloosed a living moral principle—a seed with infinite possibilities of growth contained in it. It was not understood or applied. It never has been understood or applied. Perhaps it never can be, but therein lies the very secret of its power and immortality. Morality is not a matter of rules but of tendencies. Our own language shows it. (And what wonders of ancient and forgotten wisdom are buried in our language!) "Right" and "wrong" (wrung) mean "straight" and "crooked." Ethics involve the direction which we take to a goal, and are of necessity relative to us and our present position. The goal should be forever beyond us. "Hitch your wagon to a star." "Thou shalt not kill." Turn your prow that way. Avoid killing. Kill just as little as possible. It should go against our grain to pull up a weed or cut down a tree. And some day when this sense of the sacredness of life has been fully cultivated by the very necessities of slaughter which surround

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us, we may find ourselves graduated into some sphere in which we may really live and let live, and find in turn some new, inaccessible goal held up before us.

But it is a mistake to assume to behave in accordance with a rigid formula expressing a principle which is still too far beyond us. Garrison felt the full obligation of non-resistance. Whether he would have felt it in the case of an attack upon his wife or not, it is impossible to say; but we must not masquerade upon a plane to which we have not yet attained. I would not advise a man to act counter to his best instincts in such a case, but rather to endeavor to cultivate those instincts. We may be pretty sure that in such a case Jesus would not have killed the aggressor, but until we have his spirit we can hardly justify ourselves in adopting his method. The spirit of violence is an evil spirit, and it can only be effectually cast out by the spirit of love. If we have not that spirit of love which would render acts of violence impossible to us, it is futile to attempt to act as if we had, upon any preconceived intellectual theory of what we should or should not do. The doctrine of non-resistance is not a cold principle to be applied like the rule of three to a mathematical problem, but a living power of the soul. Avoid violence. Indulge in it as little as

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possible. Do not worry yourself about any possible exceptions to the rule, but press on toward the goal. It seems to me that these are the best precepts.

I can recall the case of a man who, following Garrison's example, refrained from voting upon the ground that government reposed upon force, and that force was the wrong method. But after a few years he found that he was trying to live on a plane that was too high for him. Militarism and monopoly were ensconcing themselves ever more securely in the stronghold of office, and his conscience smote him that he did not cast his ballot against them. So he changed his course and began to vote against the wrong, as he conceived it, and for the better—there being no opportunity to vote for the best. And straightway his conscience left him at peace. He was feeling his way, that was all. He did not deny the validity of the law of non-resistance; only he had not grown up to its full size. For him to masquerade in its livery, so far as voting was concerned, was a clear case of false pretenses. He was inconsistent, but, as we have seen, life is by its very nature inconsistent. The absolute logic of the law was qualified by his own personal contribution of common-sense. Logic and common-sense! Between them is stretched taut the throbbing web and woof of life! All controversy,

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conversation, manners and customs, laws, undertakings, progress, labor, craft, art, growth and life issue from their divergence. If ever they shall coincide, then at last will the words, "It is finished," be written once for all on the tomb of the universe! Meanwhile it is our business to strive to bring our common-sense up to the plane of logic, in the blessed certainty that we can never fully succeed. We preach logic and practice common-sense, longing for an environment where they may be lost in each other. We must pull our environments along with us—a long pull and a strong pull and a pull all together; but to act upon the logical consequences of a rule which we have ceased to feel would leave us out of touch with our environment, disjointed and unrelated, with nothing but a lifeless, unassimilated law to comfort us, which is clearly absurd. In the last analysis the secret of sane living is to go on compromising, while shouting, "No compromise!" The would-be abstainer from voting recognized the fact that a perfect man would not vote, but he felt like a hypocrite when he acted like a perfect man, knowing himself to be nothing of the sort. The role did not suit him. I ought of course to be perfect, but I must *be* perfect before I *act* perfect, and it is downright dishonesty to imitate the empty acts of perfection.

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This matter of abstention—from voting or violence or anything else—suggests the two opposite ways of regarding any cause directed against any evil. I may have an overwhelming interest in the cause itself, so that I quite forget myself in it. My one effort is to put an end to the evil. Or I may simply try to wash my hands of it—to clear my skirts of it—and in my efforts to maintain my personal purity I may neglect altogether the question of the progress of the cause. Which is the better vegetarian—the one who starves himself to death by sticking to his diet under unfavorable circumstances, thus making himself a living, or rather a dying argument against his principles; or the one who is willing to eat meat for the sake of the cause? There is a good deal to be said for the latter individual. And so the non-resistant who votes in the direction of less force may argue that he is doing more for the cause than if he abstained. He would be right; and the man who had risen to a higher plane and abjured voting would also be right. At any rate it is difficult to see how Garrison's scruples about voting affected his influence. As a matter of fact, they kept him clear of the bootless embarrassments of third-party politics, and those who separated from him on this issue were soon lost in the crowd

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who were ready to accept any kind of a substitute for immediate emancipation.

There is a refreshing simplicity in hewing close to the line and in rejecting all temptation to casuistry. We blame the Jesuit writers of "confessional" literature as if they were particularly immoral men; but it was not their fault. The task of trying to determine how near a man may come to doing evil without hurting himself is in itself depraving. Fire point-blank at the sun, and the force of gravity will describe a parabola for you without your assistance. Try to describe a parabola with your projectile and you will signally fail. We are all climbers on the slope of a conical peak, much too steep to mount directly—striving to reach the top. Our rule is, "Climb straight up"; and the man who comes the nearest to this impossible feat will get there first. It is a waste of time to speculate about angles and spirals. Our own inertia will take care of that of itself. And it is consoling to know that the world is going upward, ever more and more away from the plane of brute-force. In the education of children, the treatment of prisoners, the conduct of wars, in every field of life, we are becoming more and more civilized and humane and human. Who shall fix a limit to this advance? Who shall say that barbarism ceases at this point, and here

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the race must cease to rise? I believe that this progress will be eternal, and that Garrison in insisting that all use of force among men was wrong, was truly indicating the proper objective of human progress.¹

¹ A sign of the times is the recent book, "Resist not Evil," by the well-known lawyer and political leader of Chicago, Clarence S. Darrow, who advocates the doctrine in its extreme form with great ability.

CHAPTER X

GARRISON AND THE CIVIL WAR¹

And behold, the Lord passed by, and a great and strong wind rent the mountains and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord, but the Lord was not in the wind; and after the wind an earthquake, but the Lord was not in the earthquake; and after the earthquake a fire, but the Lord was not in the fire; and after the fire a still small voice.—I KINGS xix: 11, 12.

Garrison is not known as a non-resistant because the world was not ready for non-resistance, but it was ready for Abolition, and consequently upon his labors for Abolition his fame at present rests. But to the young agitator of the thirties one cause must have seemed as hopeless as the other—or rather they must both have seemed hopeless to those who lacked his faith. But he went on his way, full of hope, and sowed his seed faithfully, leaving the harvest to take care of itself. And he had the rare good fortune to reap one harvest, at any rate, during his lifetime. He might, like so many other good men, have passed his life in urging the highest ethics upon a generation too blind to see the

¹ A portion of this chapter appeared originally in the *North American Review*, and is reprinted here by consent.

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truth; but fortunately he found a particular cause, completely in harmony with his highest conceptions, and yet ripe for action. Without abating a tittle of his beliefs, he threw himself heart and soul into the struggle for emancipation.

In considering that struggle we are brought face to face at once with the anomaly that the cause fathered by a non-resistant was at last achieved by the greatest war of history. Does not this dispose of all the claims of the doctrine of abstention from violence? Was not non-resistance impotent until men who believed in bloodshed, gun-powder and cold iron came to its assistance? Is not physical force the true remedy for such evils as slavery after all? I think not. Garrison had just one thing to accomplish and that was to make slavery intolerable, and this he succeeded in doing. When it had once become intolerable, it was doomed; but the method of its abolition was a matter of choice in which he was overruled. He has been blamed from the standpoint of non-resistance because he did not continue to protest against the war, and did not dissociate himself more distinctly from its methods. It has been urged against him that when a young friend who had obtained a commission in the army came to bid him farewell in uniform, Garrison slapped him on the back and wished him

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Godspeed without a word of disapproval. If there was any inconsistency in this behavior it was certainly very natural—very human—and he must be indeed a very rigid moralist who would refuse to excuse it. We all remember the story of the lady who, under most provoking circumstances, thanked a neighbor for swearing for her, and if Garrison even went so far as to rejoice over the victories of an army committed to emancipation, it was not a very heinous crime. But his general course during these difficult days seems to me absolutely consistent and praiseworthy. His defense, which we have already considered in another chapter, is impregnable. He was living among people who did not accept his standards of right and wrong. If they chose to fight over an issue which he thought should be settled peaceably, he could not but hope that the side of Abolition would triumph.

Was war the best method of abolishing slavery? Was it a moral method? Was it the most efficient? As to its morality, the North is practically unanimous; but, then, so too is the South, and on the other side! This fact ought perhaps to disturb our confidence. Thousands of men and women who disapprove of most wars would make an exception of this, the holy war *par excellence* waged for the liberation of an enslaved

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race. But has not the South an equal right to judge of holiness? It is and was much more religious and orthodox (as those words are ordinarily used) than the North. The leaders of the Northern hosts, Lincoln, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and the rest, were not "religious" men, and their connection with churches of any kind was usually of the most formal description; while Jefferson Davis, Lee and Stonewall Jackson were pillars of the church. And unprejudiced foreign observers often took the side of the South, too, of whom Mr. Gladstone was a notable example. Was his sympathy with the South a mistake? That depends, I think, on the character of the motives which determined his choice. If it was a kindly feeling for slavery that influenced him, of course it was a mistake. If it was a lurking fondness for the lazy, useless life of the Southern aristocracy—for the life of a class like his own, whose boast it was that it lived on the labor of others—then, too, it was a mistake. But it is possible to take another view of the issue. In the late fifties and early sixties, the North and South hated each other bitterly. I was brought up in the midst of that hatred and partook of it; and I remember suggesting, as a small boy, when Jefferson Davis was captured, that he be taken through the streets of our cities on exhibition in an iron cage. Our favorite song devoted him

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to death by hanging on a sour-apple tree. As for the Southerners, they could find no words vile enough to describe their fellow citizens of the North, "Northern scum" being one of the commonest and most polite.

Here, then, is the ethical proposition: We have two neighbors living in partnership and hating each other with a deadly hatred, and one of them desires to separate peaceably from the other. There was no practical difficulty in the way of making a division, for the cleavage ran along geographical lines, and any Master-in-Chancery would have been obliged to report that an actual partition was perfectly feasible. Given this state of affairs, was it morally justifiable for the stronger partner to hold the other to his side by force? This is no Constitutional question, for it rises far above the plane of seals and parchment. Indeed, nothing obscures moral investigations so much as the dragging in by the heels of artificial and unnatural considerations. The simple issue was: Is it right to hold haters together by force? If Mr. Gladstone decided this question in the negative, I, for one, do not see how he could reasonably have done otherwise.

What was the psychological condition of the Northern mind, that the preference should be given to it? It was filled with hatred, as we have seen; and, where it did

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not hate, it was still bent upon having its own way. If we except an inconsiderable number of Abolitionists, the question of slavery did not affect the attitude of the North. It was only the South that was pre-occupied with slavery. President Lincoln said, as we have seen, that the war was undertaken for the sole purpose of preserving the Union, and that he would preserve it, either free or slave, or part free and part slave. He called out the troops to maintain the Union, and not to abolish slavery. The slaves were finally freed, as a war measure, to assist the armies in the field. The war was not designed to help emancipation, but emancipation to help the war. And what was this "Union" for which so many lives were sacrificed and in honor of which so much poetry was written? In the last analysis it was the forcible binding together of mutual haters, and its idealization was a curious example of fetish-worship. Apart from sentiment, the practical element in the Union spirit was the desire to preserve the size of the country; it was devotion to the idea of bigness, and the belief that bigness is a matter of latitude and longitude—the same spirit which prevailed in the Mexican and Philippine wars—in other words, the spirit of imperialism. It is impossible of course to extract any moral essence from a mere matter of geographical

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extension, and it is hardly necessary to point out that the highest civilizations of the past, those of Athens and Jerusalem and Florence, were restricted to narrow areas.

If the morality of the Northern policy in the Civil War was questionable, its worldly wisdom was even more so. What would have been likely to happen if the South had been allowed to secede peacefully and with the good wishes of her late partner? That the Confederacy would have suffered from its new commercial isolation cannot be doubted; and that the States of the Confederation would have quarreled is almost equally certain, for hard times make hard tempers. It is easy to predict, then, that a nation built upon the principle of free secession would not have remained long intact. It is very clear, too, that slavery could not have lasted long along the Northern border; for even before the war, with the fugitive-slave law in full operation, a continual stream of escaping slaves found its way across the intervening States to Canada. If nothing but an ordinary boundary line had separated the slave States from free soil, a general exodus of slaves would have begun, and ere long the border States would of necessity have ceased to be slave States. With slavery extinct, the reason for their separation from the North would have ceased, and their commercial interests

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would have demanded reunion with the United States, while the kindly action of the North in permitting them to secede without interference would have left no hostile feelings in their minds to prevent such a reunion. With the border States once annexed, a new boundary would have been created along their Southern frontier, and here again history would repeat itself, until the nation was again one. I do not think that such an outcome of Secession is fanciful, and its realization would have been hastened by the growing impatience of the civilized world with the continuance of chattel-slavery.

Against this natural evolution of the race-difficulty what have we actually to set? Slavery was, indeed, abolished; but it is altogether impossible to sum up the evils which we have entailed upon ourselves by the manner of its abolition. First of all, we have the loss of hundreds of thousands of lives, and all the grief and suffering consequent upon that loss. It is a common remark that the wars of Napoleon permanently injured the physique of the French people by killing off the strongest men. Is it not likely that we have suffered to some extent in the same way? Then, how much money did the war cost? And how much more wisely it might have been expended! Furthermore, consider our disgraceful annual pension bill, which, larger

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than the cost of any European standing army, is, I believe, actually increasing, and which seems to have transformed the brave hosts of the North into an army of mendicants! And into that mendicancy who shall say how much fraud has entered? Indeed, the moral effects of the war were its worst effects. Is there a tavern at any cross-roads, North or South, without its venerable toper whose habits were corrupted by the war? And where one has survived, how many have died of intemperance of all kinds, and of loathsome diseases which the war generated, fostered and spread down to this very day? All the flags with which we decorate their graves on Memorial Day cannot conceal the truth. I have seen it stated that discharged soldiers founded our army of tramps, a name which has come into use in my time. Do not think that these are the imaginations of a fanatic who sees in history only that which he looks for. In the Century Magazine for November, 1903, is an article on "The Present Epidemic of Crime," by the Rev. Dr. James M. Buckley, one of the best-known clergymen in the country. At the very head of the causes of this "epidemic" he places the great war. "Among the influences which have powerfully affected the primary causes of crime, and are sources of this present epidemic, is the effect of the Civil War. . . .

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The evil done by that war to public and private morality was almost irremediable. Its effects were seen upon Congress, upon politics, upon reconstruction, upon business, upon society, and upon the habits of the people."

One of the worst results of the Civil War was the resuscitation of the spirit of war and imperialism. Is it a wonder that children brought up in an atmosphere of hate and bloodshed should have had the spirit of hate and bloodshed infused into their hearts? The seed sown then duly bore its crop, and the battle-cry, "Remember the Maine!" (a vessel which all the world but America believes to have been destroyed by accident) was the direct offspring of "The Union Forever!" The Cuban War, waged for the independence of Cuba (which could have been obtained, according to our Secretary of State and our Minister to Spain, without a shot), and the Philippine War, waged for the purpose of depriving a brave people of their freedom, are the legitimate twin offspring of the Civil War, which in their turn may have their accursed progeny a generation hence.

The speculation caused by the interruption of commerce and the derangement of the currency during our war laid the foundations of the new plutocracy. Money was needed to pay the enormous expenses of destruction, and the tariff began to grow, and behind it

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monopoly ensconced itself. With the new tramp came the new multi-millionaire, and caste, luxury, pauperism and labor troubles in their train. It would be possible to write a long and plausible book, tracing the origin of almost all the pressing evils of the day to the Civil War. Was the forcing of the issue of the abolition of slavery a few years before its time worth while at such a cost? Garrison was right. The war was a mistake.

This brings us to the sad fact that the war did not settle the race question, but merely aggravated it. Slavery was wrong and should have come to an end, but we ended it in the wrong way. The real trouble with the South at present is that the question of slavery was settled over the heads of the inhabitants by a hostile and hated power. No people could at heart accept such a settlement with good grace, and it is not to be expected of human nature. We stabbed the South to the quick, and during all the years of reconstruction turned the dagger round in the festering wound. The spirit of war and imperialism has never yet properly settled any question, except the question as to which side is the stronger; and now, after forty years, we are beginning to learn that the Negro has yet to be emancipated. If the South had been permitted to secede, slavery would have died a natural death, the South-

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erners would have felt that they had consented to its demise, and they would have accepted the new order with that attitude of acquiescence which is necessary to the success of any social experiment. We have still at this late day to learn the ancient lesson of Buddha: "Hatred does not cease by hatred at any time; hatred ceases by love; this is an old rule."

The wisest thing that was said by any Northerner at the outbreak of the war was the saying usually ascribed to Horace Greeley: "Let the erring sisters go." Mr. Whitelaw Reid has loyally endeavored to defend his former chief from this ascription, and he declares that Mr. Greeley never used the words. If Mr. Reid is speaking solely in the interests of historical accuracy, well and good; but if he is stretching a point to save his friend, he is doing him a doubtful service, for the final historian of the Civil War will have to record that these were the words, and the only words, of wisdom. And this was substantially the advice which Garrison gave.

In an article in the *North American Review* I took the position that Mr. Gladstone was right in sympathizing with the South, and I was much gratified afterwards to receive a letter from an English ex-official who was close to Mr. Gladstone and familiar with his opinions, in which letter he assured me that

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my explanation of the British statesman's position was correct. His communication ran in part as follows:

But what was his real reason for sympathizing with the South? I am quite sure that it was not sympathy with the Southern "aristocracy"—which undoubtedly, however, had a great effect in bringing over the mass of upper-class opinion to that side. I do not believe it was his father's slave-owning connection (although that influenced some of his early speeches during the time he was still a Tory), for he had long since shaken himself free from those ideas. I firmly believe it was, as he viewed it, his love of liberty, his hatred and distrust of any policy of keeping any body of men in a political connection against their will. This he regarded as bad for the community which included an unwilling element in its midst, because it was an element of weakness and not of strength; just as a regiment wherein one-fifth of the men hate their officers or want to desert will not fight as well as a regiment "at union with itself." He further regarded it as bad for the element unwillingly included, because, being deprived of liberty, they were apt to direct all their energies to a struggle to be free, instead of along the natural lines of free and peaceful development and progress. This was at the root of his later Eastern policy, of his sympathy with Italy, and of his Irish policy, and also of his policy of

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union with the Colonies by the silken ties of sentiment and the elastic bonds of freedom, rather than by any forced and formal connection or by any cast-iron scheme of supposed material interests.

Such were Mr. Gladstone's views, and such also were Garrison's. I do not believe that the final judgment of posterity will be favorable to the course of the North in the Civil War, any more than it will be favorable to the policy of coercion in Ireland. It requires delicate instruments to cure national diseases, and we took the sledge-hammer as ours. It may be high treason to say so, but I think that the statesmanship of Gladstone—and of Garrison—was sounder than that of Lincoln.

There is a class of critics which denies the importance of Garrison's services to the country on the ground that all idealists and reformers are mere empty voices, and that none but economic causes affect the condition of men. The world, according to these philosophers, crawls upon its belly, and its brain and heart follow submissively wherever the belly leads. This is known as the "economic interpretation of history," and is particularly affected by Marxian socialists, who believe that state socialism is destined to be established by irresistible economic laws, and that their own idealism and agitation are alto-

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gether fruitless; which does not prevent them, however, from laboring and sacrificing themselves for the cause, like the typical idealist. This belief and this behavior is strangely like the Christian doctrine of predestination, the certain triumph of the church, and the fore-ordained election of the saints, which has never interfered with the missionary activity of believers. The disciple of Marx comforts himself with the materialist equivalent of the statement that all things work together for good, and his dogmatism is as strict as that of any Presbyterian sect. It is the old issue of fatalism and free will, the fatalist usually exerting himself to secure his ends much more strenuously than his adversary.

The most complete application of this theory of economic causes to the subject of slavery has been made by an acute socialist thinker, Mr. A. M. Simons, in a series of articles in the *International Socialist Review* of Chicago during the year 1903. According to him the idealism of Garrison and the Abolitionists—the growing belief in the immorality of slavery and the justice of the demand for freedom, John Brown and his raid, Uncle Tom's Cabin, the battle songs of the North—all these things were phantas-

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magoria and the people were deceiving themselves.

The real conflict was . . . between the capital that hired free labor and the capital that owned slave labor.¹

And Mr. Simons represents the Northern capitalists in the anticipation of a future struggle between themselves and their employes, as deliberately determining that the capitalists of the South should not enjoy the "privilege of an undisturbed industry." It seems to me that anyone who can believe this can believe anything that he wishes to. The fact is that slave labor did not compete with the free labor of the North. The South had a practical monopoly of the production of cotton, tobacco, rice and sugar, and slavery was chiefly confined to that production. The relative cheapness or dearness of slave labor had consequently no appreciable effect on Northern labor; and if it had, it is absurd to suppose that Northern capital appreciated the fact or brought about the war for any such reason. It is true that the North desired a protective tariff for its manufactures, and that the South preferred free trade so that it might have a world-wide market for its cotton. It is true that North and South each desired to control the national govern-

¹ Quoted by Mr. Simons from a former work by Benjamin E. Green.

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ment. But no war would have been fought if the South had not seceded; the South would not have seceded unless she had feared for the future of slavery; and slavery would not have been menaced except for the agitation of the anti-slavery people of the North with Garrison at their head.

As a matter of fact, human idealism enters into all the works of man; and the philosophy which asserts that poetry and religion spring from economic conditions and nothing else, is erroneous or at least one-sided. That mind and body are so intermingled that they react upon each other is undoubtedly true, and our extreme idealists need to be reminded now and then that the bread and butter factor must not be forgotten; but to assert that mind is made of bread and butter is going much too far, and it ignores the commonest experiences of human consciousness. Man's wish—man's will—is a force to be dealt with. Even ordinary hunger involves wish and will in the choice of food. Is our present civilization governed partially by the yield of wheat? But wheat itself is a human creation. The first man who tasted a grain of wild wheat and liked it and proceeded to sow other similar grains was moved as much by fancy as by economic necessity. And there is hunger and hunger. There is a hunger and thirst for knowledge, and a hunger and thirst after

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righteousness, and many other hungers and thirsts which must all be reckoned with in the study of evolution. And man can see the workings of this side of evolution in his own mind. I have become a vegetarian, for instance, and I am unable to detect any economic reason for my change of diet. I know many others of whom the same is true. In time the increase in the number of such vegetarians will produce an appreciable effect upon the economic condition of mankind, and here clearly will be a change occasioned in large part by pure idealism. The same is true of socialism, and I know many leading socialists who, so far from having been impelled to socialism by economic motives, would be economic losers by its victory. And so with the temperance movement, the peace movement, the movement for the prevention of cruelty to animals, and many others. I am conscious and every man is conscious, of doing things every day against mere economic interests, and I do not refer exclusively to philanthropy by any means. The millionaire who spends his money on a trip to Europe instead of saving it overrules his economic interests on account of his higher desire for novel experiences, and he does the same thing when he pays for a superfluous ornament on his house. To overlook men's desires is to overlook life itself, and in the record of the living

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actions of men the thought precedes the thing. You cannot have a dinner without thinking it out beforehand, nor build a house without plans. You might wait till doomsday for "economic conditions" to roast a potato for you. The will of man must intervene before the miracle is performed, and sometimes he wills to rise above his economic conditions and refuses to bend before them. In short, the "economic interpretation of history" is equivalent to the brick interpretation of a house (leaving the architect and the owner who ordered it built out of the question)—that is, no interpretation at all. Economic conditions are more often the limitation than the source of evolution. The exertion of our powers is more or less bounded by our materials, and events which are not economically possible are not likely to happen; but things are not yet in the saddle and the socialist movement, with its devoted and self-forgetful leaders, gives ample proof of it. It is curious to note that our extreme materialists call themselves "scientific socialists," and our extreme idealists, who deny the existence of matter, take the name of "Christian scientists." True "science" lies between these extremes, and perhaps it is wise to fight shy of those who advertise their "science" too conspicuously.

. In the history of slavery the element of

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human will and initiative is particularly prominent. A sentimental bishop was the first to suggest the importation of Africans to America in order to relieve the Indians from the labor which their spirit could not brook. It was a philanthropic business at the start. Indians would not work, Negroes would. Here again the human factor asserted itself. The cavalier immigrants of the South did not like to work, the Puritans of the North did; hence one of the reasons that slavery flourished only below Mason and Dixon's line. Mr. Simons refers to this fact as "one of those strange happenings" called "coincidences"! "The interesting point lies," he goes on to say, "in the fact that in Europe it was just the cavalier who represented the old feudal organization of society with its servile system of labor, while the Puritan is the representative of the rapidly rising bourgeoisie which was to rest upon the status of wage-slavery." "Strange happening," "coincidence," "interesting point"! This is certainly most naive. There was no reason why slaves should not be employed in the North in raising wheat as well as in the South in raising cotton, except that the Northerners did not want them, and heredity as well as climate goes to account for the difference. Mr. Simons himself quotes from the work of an ante-bellum author a reference to German settlers who, "true to

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their national instincts, will not employ the labor of a slave." And in fine, as if to show how little he is convinced by his own arguments, Mr. Simons says of this same volume (Helper's "Impending Crisis"), "This book had a most remarkable circulation in the years immediately preceding the war, and probably if the truth as to the real factors which made public opinion could be determined, it had far more to do with bringing on the Civil War than did 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'"—which involves an admission as to the latter book as well as to the former. Books and arguments and ideals had their leading part to play in the abolition of slavery, and the very adversaries of the belief cannot get away from it. "Public opinion" is and always has been a determining element in history, and it is swayed by novels and agitators and poets. Garrison still has his place in history.

Another class of critic minimizes the work of the Abolitionists upon the ground that they did more harm than good, and that slavery would have been abolished much more easily without them. To refute this argument we must appeal to the entire history of the times, which has been so briefly summarized in these pages. We cannot read it impartially without being conscious throughout of the constant presence, behind statesmen and poli-

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tician, behind orator and editor, of the goad of the Abolitionist. In the troubled waters of controversy his was ever the stirring power. He was not a fly on the wheel, but steam in the engine. And we can call the best of all witnesses in confirmation of this fact. President Lincoln, a few days before his assassination, when congratulated by Mr. Chamberlain, afterwards governor of South Carolina, upon having freed the slaves, answered, "I have been only an instrument. The logic and moral power of Garrison and the anti-slavery people of the country, and the army, have done all."

CHAPTER XI

THE RESULTS OF THE WAR IN THE SOUTH

For what can war but endless war still breed?

—MILTON.

We have considered some of the general effects of the Civil War upon the country—effects which would have been avoided if Garrison's peaceful counsels had prevailed; but many of these evils have been especially concentrated in the South. This is not the fault of the Southerner, for with the possible exception of his lesser fondness for manual labor, he differs in no essential respect from other men of Anglo-Saxon descent, and so far as the race question is concerned, the Northerner who settles in the South is usually the less considerate of the two. But the war absorbed the entire South. Every man and boy took part in it. It devastated the home, and where it did not devastate it impoverished. War *was* hell in Georgia, where General Sherman learned its character after having created it; and not a mere matter of the morning newspaper, as it was in many

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a Northern household. It was a matter of necessity that its damning effects should be greatest in the States of the Confederacy. If it is true that a large crop of military schools sprang up in the North, and that much was done to infect the minds of the young with the ideals of militarism, in the South every lad inherited by his birthright the title of major or captain. I have my own impressions of a recent journey in the South which revealed to me the unfortunate results of choosing war as an antidote for slavery, and perhaps I may be pardoned for devoting a chapter to my recollections, believing that they substantiate Garrison's position that gunpowder should have no place in the social pharmacopeia. And first, then, to show that the race question is farther from settlement than ever.

I put up one afternoon for a few hours at a tiny hotel in a remote village, and a room was assigned to me which had been vacated in haste for my benefit by some more permanent resident. It bore all the marks of a sitting-room as well as a bedroom, and on the table were lying, one on the other, a couple of books which had evidently been recently laid aside, and each of them contained a book-mark. The under volume was a large Bagster Bible; the upper was a big book bearing on its upturned cover the exag-

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gerated face of a negro in gilt, made to look as much like an ape as possible, with the title in gilt letters above and below it, "The Negro a Beast, Or In the Image of God." Two Negro servants were coming in and out of the room, making the fire and preparing for my comfort, and I could not but wonder at the strange lack of delicacy of the Bible reader who had left this hideous volume to stare them in the face, and this, too, in the chivalrous South! I picked up the book in curiosity after the servants had left. The title page was adorned by a series of subtitles, of which I copied one as a sample. It read as follows: "The Negro a Beast, But Created With Articulate Speech and Hands, That He May Be of Service to His Master, the White Man." Here was indeed a rich relic of the ancient South of slavery, a South that has passed away forever! I looked down at the date and rubbed my eyes in astonishment. There must be some mistake. The book was printed in the year of Our Lord 1900! And in one of the greatest cities of the South, too! And what do you suppose is the name of the publishing company which issues this precious work? It is called the "American Book and Bible House!" I turned over the pages of the book. It was an illiterate medley of folly and superstition—an attempt to prove by Scripture that the Negro

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was not the descendant of Ham, and to show that the serpent in the garden of Eden was a black man! It was just such a book as, if it had been produced by a Negro, would almost have justified despair for his race. It is not remarkable perhaps that a single lunatic should have written such a book, but that a publisher should have been found for it, that commercial success should have been expected from it, that people should buy it and lay it on their Bibles and leave it on their tables to insult the black men who saw it, and astound the white—all this was incredible.

It so happened that I was reading a book written by a Negro at the same time, and I took it from my portmanteau and laid it beside the other volume. My book was Booker Washington's "Up from Slavery," a book which I had some difficulty in getting in a great Southern city, and which proved conclusively that its author was one of the best and ablest men in this country, black or white; and it made me blush for my white race as I thought of these two authors together.

And shortly afterwards I read a third book, which occupies the middle ground between these two, but which unfortunately resembles the white man's folly more than the black man's wisdom. It is "The Leopard's Spots,"

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by the Rev. Thomas Dixon, a shining light in the Southern Baptist Church; and it tempts me to retort, "Thou tiger, first wash the stripes out of thine own hide, and then shalt thou see clearly to wash out the spots out of thy brother's hide," for it is in the spirit of the tiger rather than in that of the Christian minister that Mr. Dixon treats the delicate issues of the race question which is the subject of his novel. The point which he seeks to make is that the Negro must be kept by force, if necessary, in the place of an inferior, and that he should not be educated above it. Again and again he reiterates the statement which I give in his own words, for it seems to me to be lacking in clearness to say the least, that "in a democracy you cannot build a nation inside of a nation of two antagonistic races, and therefore the future American must be either an Anglo-Saxon or a mulatto." This mixing up of the marriage relation with other social relations runs through the whole book, and it seems to me to be illogical. I have dined on a social equality with thousands of white women whom it would have been repugnant to me to marry. I fail to see that the one idea involves the other. I believe it is natural and best that people should intermarry within their own race. We received Li Hung Chang with complete social equality, and yet most of us would not

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be willing to marry his daughter, and probably he fully reciprocated the feeling. In the absence of all inherited artificial feeling and tradition, I should think that a Negro would prefer to marry one of his own color. The wrens and orioles are now singing out of my window. They do not intermarry, but I do not see why that should prevent them from treating each other with entire courtesy up to the point of social equality. The danger of a nation of mulattos, if it is a danger, does not lie in the direction of intermarriage, as we all know, but of the illicit intercourse which has already produced millions of them, and which shows how far the white man can overcome his distaste for the Negro. Flout the fact as we may, a large part of the colored population of the South are our own cousins.

The matter of the "usual crime" committed by Negroes is a frightful one and it will have to be faced, but it is very clear that it has not been faced in the right way. Lynchings, burnings at the stake—and Mr. Dixon depicts one for us—have failed to decrease the number of them. And let us remember that every civilized nation contains solitary brutes who assault and murder women, but that only white Americans still burn at the stake—and that, too, in multitudes. Savagery will not cure savagery, and the tiger cannot tame

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the leopard. Mr. Dixon seems to see this when he speaks of the mob as a thousand-legged beast, and anticipates with dread the time when there will be a black beast of the same kind to set off against the white beast. He thinks that the permanent display of force by the whites is the best remedy, and forgets, Christian minister though he be, that the efficacy of sympathy and brotherly interest has scarcely been tried. The race question is no simple matter to be settled at a thousand miles' distance by academic theories; but it is safe to say that it will only be solved by the spirit of love, and that Booker Washington shows far more of this than the author of "The Leopard's Spots." Mr. Dixon may not know it, but he seems to believe in a gospel of hate. One of the heroes of the book, an ex-Confederate common soldier, admits that he hates the very sight of a Negro, and this before the period of reconstruction had set in and when the Negro had done nothing but work and suffer. There is a total lack of measure, too, in the punishments meted to the black man in this novel. One of them asks a white woman to kiss him. He makes no effort to force her to comply, but he is speedily hanged. "His thick lips had been split with a sharp knife, and from his teeth hung this placard: 'The answer of the Anglo-Saxon race to Negro

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lips that dare pollute with words the womanhood of the South.' ” There is no hint in the story that this penalty was slightly excessive, nor that a gentleman need hesitate in taking part in such an execution. In another place a Negro trooper refuses to make room on a sidewalk for a lady and her male escort. He is at once beaten to death. Surely this is the spirit of the tiger.

Mr. Dixon's ideal Negro is the old plantation servant who despises his own race. He draws the picture of one of them and holds him up to admiration. When the whites overthrow the Negro government, old Nelse cries, “Dar now! Ain't I done told you no kinky-headed niggers gwine ter run dis gov'ment!” I humbly submit that such a man is really a disgrace to any race. It is on the lines of self-respect that the Negro must do his part in solving the race question. He must learn his own worth, not in the spirit of boastfulness nor of imitation, but in the spirit of self-improvement and honor. He must put down himself the crimes against women which are his shame, and I have faith that men like Booker Washington can set such a movement on foot. The white clergy of the South have a tremendous responsibility. They have an influence far transcending that of their colleagues in the North. Will they use it like Mr. Dixon and the ministers

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he creates in his book, to foment misunderstandings and distrust, or to infuse the spirit of Christ into the problem? It is surely discouraging to find the Episcopal bishop of Arkansas, an Ohioan, publicly defending the practice of lynching. We all admit now that the policy of "reconstruction" was a sad mistake and that Northern interference can do little, but it is still possible to begin a new work of reconstruction based upon human sympathy. If the South will undertake this task, it will escape the battle of the "beasts" which is otherwise inevitable. Swedenborg somewhere says that the African race is to be the race of love—the race of the future. Let it try to live up to this prophecy, and set a good example to the whites. The Rev. Henry Richards, for many years a missionary on the Congo, writes: "I believe the Anglo-Saxon to be naturally far more cruel and brutal than the African." There should be hope then for the latter race.

It is to be hoped that there is some truth in the theory of reincarnation, for it affords such grand opportunities for poetic justice. If there is anything in it, the author of "The Negro a Beast" should make his next appearance as a full-blooded Congo black; the author of "Leopard's Spots" would figure among the mulattos from whom he wishes to save us; and the author of "Up From Sla-

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very"—well—if any man has earned the right to the whitest of skins (if he would like to have one) it is Booker Washington. And if these three gentlemen came on the stage again together, I am confident that we should find the last of the three exerting his powers for the benefit of the other two in a spirit of love to which they are total strangers.

And I cannot refrain from adding an anecdote or two from my own experience to show the perpetual atmosphere of explosives in which the Southerner lives as a result of the war. We are bad enough in the North, what with the enormous number of our homicides, the not unusual habit of carrying revolvers, and the craze for militarism, battleships and warfare; but all these faults are aggravated in the South, and it seems a natural result of the great war.

I formed one of a group one evening sitting around the stove in the hotel office of a Southern town. There were three or four commercial men, and one old graybeard who seemed to be related in some way to the proprietor and who was the living image of Walt Whitman. From time to time he poked the fire with an old sword, which continual use of the kind had reduced to half its original length.

"You used that all through the wa', didn't you, Uncle Joe?" said one of the party, spit-

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ting into the sandbox which held the stove. The old man nodded assent, but like a modest man he showed no desire to enlarge on the subject. He gave the sword a shove into the sand and drew back into his wooden chair. I looked with approval on the converted weapon. It was even better than a spear-made pruning hook, for there had been no unnecessary labor of remanufacture and no disguise of the happy change of function. A young Tennessean was expatiating upon the merits of his house paint. He had formerly been in the tobacco business and had sold snuff in regions where the whole population, men, women and children, chew the vile stuff until they reek with it. Now he was helping to beautify and preserve the weather-stained houses of the countryside, and I felt that he had been reclaimed as well as the sword. We were, barring the spitting, a pleasant, cheerful and sociable company.

Suddenly a draft of air came in upon us and we could hear a commotion at the outer door, dominated by the agreeable deep-chested voice of a man, who was saluting the landlord. Soon they came in to the desk, two Negroes carrying luggage behind them. In a moment the stove was deserted and all of my companions gathered around the new arrival. He was a large man of middle age with a gray mustache and ruddy face, at

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once strong in its lines and good natured. My friends approached him respectfully and without any sign of their customary familiarity, and as he shook hands with them there was a pleasant word for each. And then in his hearty voice he explained that his train was ten hours late and that he must get on to such and such a town that evening, and there was a general giving of advice and telephoning and consulting of timetables until it was proven beyond peradventure that it was impossible for him to proceed until the morrow.

Meanwhile I felt rather "out of it," and at an early stage of the proceedings good old Uncle Joe took pity upon me, and coming over to me whispered:

"You know who that is, don't you?"

I acknowledged with shame that I did not, and with a look of blank amazement, he added:

"Why, that's Major Bedford!" as if the announcement would surely startle me. I fear that my expression was unsatisfactory to him, for there was sorrow in his tone as he explained to the benighted Yankee that Major Bedford was the biggest lawyer in West Carobama, and that only last month he got Hank Martin off, though everybody knew he had chucked Sam Davis into the well.

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By this time the Major had gone in to supper and my friends resumed their seats around the stove, while a chorus of admiration for the great lawyer filled the smoky air. When it at last subsided, one rather sullen individual who was opposite me said drily:

"He's a mean man, though," and then to my surprise, one by one the others nodded their heads and echoed:

"Yes, he *is* a mean man."

I could not account for this apparent change of opinion, and I ventured to ask for light.

"I don't quite understand," I said. "You were all praising him a minute ago, and he certainly seems to be very good natured and genial. How can he be a mean man?"

"You see, he shoots pretty quick. D'you remember how he shot Jim Foster in court? Why, that young fellow was the most promising lawyer in the State, and he had a case against the Major, and I don't know how it was, but he got excited and said somebody lied, and probably they had, and out the Major whips his six-shooter and shot the boy dead as a doornail."

"Is it possible," I cried, "and how did he escape hanging?"

"Self-defense," was the laconic reply. This was my first lesson in the Southern significance of the word "mean," but a few days later

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my education in this respect was completed, and I shall never again misunderstand the word in that latitude.

It happened this way. I had taken a room for the night in a poor hotel (which is a rather uncommon thing in the South). My bedroom was not a comfortable place and the tobacco stains on the walls were revolting. The bed was a bad one, too, and it took me a long time to fall asleep, but at last I succeeded. I must have been sleeping for two or three hours when I heard a loud call in the hallway, "Waitah! waitah!" Then followed in an undertone a string of drunken, incoherent imprecations. "Dam' shame! Never come here again. Treat a gen'leman so," with a series of unrepeatable oaths getting louder and louder until he bellowed out again, "Waitah, waitah! where's my room, waitah!" I could hear the man shuffling along the corridor, falling from time to time, and trying the doors as he passed, while the various inmates of the rooms, with greater or less eloquence, called down curses upon his head. I expected from moment to moment to hear the report of a revolver, and I wondered how much of an obstruction my door would offer to a bullet, and was quite prepared to slide down behind the bed in case he should try to get into my room. I watched the disturbance auricularly as I have often

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watched a thunderstorm. At one moment it would be raging outside of my door; then it would gradually move along, the explosions and crashes becoming less distinct until the storm center passed quite out of my horizon, the unhappy guest having reached a distant part of the hotel. Then just as I was dozing off, I would hear the faint echoes of his cry, "Waitah, waitah!" and it would grow stronger and stronger until he would fall in a heap again close to my quarters, spluttering, muttering and cursing worse than before. Three or four times the storm cloud disappeared in the distance, and three or four times back it came, until I was in despair. But once again it was slowly blown away, WAITAH! Waitah! Waitah!" and I heard it no more.

It was nearly nine o'clock when I came in to breakfast in the morning and took my seat at a table occupied by two "drummers," who were conversing with each other.

"Tol'able lively night," remarked one of them, whom I shall call Smith.

"Yes," said I. "Who on earth was that man, and what ever became of him?"

"It's Pete Bunker," replied the man. "Don't you know Pete? Why, the Bunkers are one of the best families in these parts. The cook found him in the kitchen this morning sitting at the table fast asleep with his head on his arms. He came out of his room for some-

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thing or other, and couldn't find it again. But Pete don't often get drunk like that. He's a good fellow when he's sober."

"He's a mean man, though, sometimes," said the other. "Do you remember how he shot that nigger Simpson? That was six years ago, and the boy can't walk to-day. He done for him, he did. And Simpson hadn't done nothin', either."

"Did they try him for it?" I asked.

"Naw," was the reply, and the two men looked at me in wonder.

"I reckon he left his gun in his room last night," said Smith. "It was pretty lucky. But there hain't been any shootin' in town lately. When was the last shootin', Dave?"

"A year ago Christmas," answered Dave. "That Jake Hart scrimmage. You remember. Jake got angry at Cy Jones and shot him dead. Jake was an awful nice fellow, but I must say he was a mean one. And then Tom Spear—he was sheriff—he said he'd arrest him if it took him ten years, and Jake, he said he shouldn't. I met Jake in the street one day, and he says to me, says he, 'Just you tell Tom Spear that I like him first rate,' says he; 'he's done me a lot of good turns and I'd like to do him a good turn, too; but just you tell him that if he tries to grab me I'll shoot him at sight like a dog, I will,' says he. 'Just tell him that.'

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And I told Tom sure enough, and he got three fellers to go with him. He wanted me to go with him, but I wouldn't—not much. I knowed that Jake Hart was a mean man. But he went with three of 'em, and they heard Jake was at Tim Brown's, and they went upstairs and opened the door; and Jake, just as quiet as I am, he shoots Tom Spear dead; and then the next feller shoots Jake right through the chest, and he falls down, but he sits up again and draws a bead on number two, and down he goes, and then he shoots number three, and the fourth man he thought he'd better stay downstairs. That was Christmas Eve, and they buried all four of 'em together. Ther hain't been any shootin' in town since then."

"Yes, Jake was a mean cuss," said Smith, "but I liked him first rate." And we finished our buckwheat cakes in silence.

If Garrison were alive and could visit the South to-day and read "Up From Slavery," "The Leopard's Spots" and "The Negro a Beast," he would find sufficient reasons for congratulating himself upon his course. Slavery was a crying evil. In a thousand ways it was a disgrace to his country and to mankind, and it should have been abolished; but it was abolished the wrong way. The Negro is far better off as a wage earner than he was as a slave, but the hostility between

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the races has been intensified by the rude and ruthless manner of bringing the change about. And besides this, the habits of four years of licensed slaughter, arson, rape and rapine have corrupted both races; and not the least of the evil legacies of the war is the revolver, an instrument manufactured only for manslaughter—a miserable, crooked little vermin which is gnawing its way into the vitals of the community and destroying civilization in its path. It ought to be denounced in every pulpit and boycotted in every decent assembly of men. It is a nuisance which must be abated before the South can entertain any just expectation of rivaling the North. She is hopelessly handicapped by her “mean men.”

Garrison believed as fully in the abolition of war as in the abolition of slavery. He did not believe in doing evil that good may come. But he was overruled, and with the good came a vast cloud of evils which still cast their shadow thick upon the land.

CHAPTER XII

PRACTICAL LESSONS FROM GARRISON'S CAREER

God is our guide! No swords we draw,
We kindle not war's battle-fires;
By union, justice, reason, law,
We claim the birthright of our sires.
We raise the watchword, Liberty—
We will, we will, we will be free!
—"Songs of Freedom" (Anon.), page 80.

The abolition of American slavery was a single step in the long march of the human race toward freedom and a state of peaceful social equilibrium undisturbed by the coercion of man by man, and Garrison was one of the few great leaders of such movements who appreciated the wider significance of his particular task. Mankind has always been engaged in this march and perhaps always will be. We are taking such steps to-day, and the efforts to overthrow imperialism, militarism, plutocracy, monopoly and all other forms of trespass on the rights of man are further steps on the road of emancipation. We may well then find suggestions in the Abolition movement which

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will be of value in forming a diagnosis of present conditions and seeking a remedy for existing ills.

(1) And first of all, the Abolition movement was initiated by people of humble rank in society. Garrison began life as a cobbler's apprentice, and Lundy was a saddler. Even when the war broke out very few persons of prominence in society had taken their place among the Abolitionists, and those who did, such as Wendell Phillips and Edmund Quincy, were more or less ostracised and maligned. It was never "respectable" to be an Abolitionist. And it is true of all great social movements that their origin has been outside the pale of the "upper classes." Growth does not begin at the top, and a healthy, vigorous, just cause cannot in the nature of things be respectable at first; and just in proportion as it becomes respectable it loses its energy and single-mindedness. And this estrangement of the wealth and culture of the day gives rise to all sorts of libelous stories regarding reformers. Because Garrison and his followers were not in "society" they were looked upon by "society" with contempt, and it became easy to stigmatize them as infidels, blasphemers and Sabbath-breakers, and they were accused of endeavoring to foment insurrection among the slaves. Nothing was too vile or too criminal to be ascribed to them,

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although they were, in fact, the most religious and puritanic of people. It requires wise men, indeed, to look for contemporary history, not in the Capitol of Rome or of Washington, but in the manger and the attic.

(2) The churches were unanimously hostile to Garrison and the Abolitionists. Here and there a stray clergyman had the courage to support them, but it was at the risk of his reputation in his denomination, and most of these declared themselves only when the cause was far advanced. Garrison and many of his friends retorted by cutting loose from all ecclesiastical organizations. Their new wine was too strong for the old bottles, and it always is. The movement for peace to-day is obstructed by the churches just as emancipation was, and almost any church meeting is ready to shout for any war, however diabolical, in which its country may be engaged, while "infidels" and skeptics and materialists outside take up the cause of Christian brotherhood. Only last week (as I write) in Philadelphia (the City of Brotherly Love) the Pennsylvania Division, United Boys' Brigade of America, "in full military uniform," was reviewed by the State Commander and addressed by the reverend and distinguished chaplain. There were companies from the Presbyterian, Methodist, Congregational, Reformed, Episcopal, Reformed Episcopal

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and Moravian churches, and one company from Holy Trinity Church was named after the "Prince of Peace"! What would William Penn and the early Moravians have said of it? And Episcopal missionaries have introduced the Brigade into China, a nation which looks down on war. If lovers of peace leave the church as the Abolitionists did, they may find more Christianity without, and they will not be without good precedents for their action. There is something petrifying and deadening in institutionalism of all kinds, sacred and profane, and a church cannot in the very nature of things (except at its very inception) be a pioneer in social progress. We must be satisfied if it does not fall back too far in the rear. Institutions of learning fall into the same category, and their general influence during the years of anti-slavery activity was uniformly reactionary. Those who expect to find guidance now or at any time for the advance of society in the churches or universities are asking impossibilities and neglecting one of the plainest lessons of history—namely, that the priest and the professor are rarely in the van.

(3) Garrison and the Abolitionists found themselves arrayed perforce against the laws of the land, and these laws, as they were carried out by presidents, governors, legislators and judges, were among the chief

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obstacles in the path of justice. Almost all the disturbances caused at anti-slavery meetings—frequently ending in personal violence and arson—had the scarcely disguised sympathy of the authorities, and the law was successfully invoked to spread slavery and return the fugitive slave. The leading statesmen and politicians of the country, with hardly a single exception, did what they could for slavery as long as they thought that cause advantageous to their fortunes. They had substituted paper and ink for their own consciences, and had forgotten the primitive obligations of man in the artificial claims of their oaths of office. This is surely inhuman. How does a bad law or a bad constitution differ from any other bad thing? We cannot throw the blame for our acts upon parchment and legal-cap. While a bill is on its passage in the legislature we do not hesitate to charge improper motives against the members, and we often detect log rolling and even bribery and corruption. But when the bill has triumphed over our protests and become a law we straightway fall down on our knees before it. Is not this fetish-worship? We talk of the majesty of the law as we used to talk of the majesty of our rulers; but the two absurdities must vanish together, for laws are not a whit more majestic than those who make and enforce them.

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There may be majesty in a good law or a good man, but there is none whatever in bad laws or bad men. It is, I say, nothing but fetish-worship—the same spirit which induced the Egyptians to sacrifice virgins to the rising Nile, and forced Jephthah to slay his daughter. Jephthah had taken an oath, just as the pro-slavery Northern judges and sheriffs had taken oaths; but it was an oath better honored in the breach than in the observance, and there are crimes worse than perjury of this kind. But there was really no dilemma for the honest man. He could at any moment resign his office. And oaths of office are medieval institutions which have unfortunately survived a great deal of similar rubbish. No bank president or railway director has to swear upon the Bible. Why should our political people be obliged to? The oath has no effect upon a bad man, while it can do nothing but worry a good one. We have got rid of the comparatively harmless folly of the coronation ceremony, and our judges and senators do not sit in solemn conclave to determine who shall carry the king's saltspoon or warming-pan in procession, but we have kept the most dangerous feature of all, the coronation oath—the oath of office. It was this oath taken by George III which cost his country dearly. We upset the tyranny of George III, but the tyranny

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of the oath still flourishes. The late Senator Tim Campbell, a local politician of some fame in the City of New York, once astounded the legislature by exclaiming during an acrimonious debate, "What is a little thing like the Constitution between friends?" There was a certain elemental truth in this statement. Laws and constitutions are made for men, and not men for laws and constitutions.

It is no wonder that Garrison denounced the legal obstacles which stood in his way. The Abolitionists were ready to revolt, passively, against the government, and the convention in Massachusetts demanded the secession of the North. The Constitution of the United States was a "covenant with death and hell," and there must be no "Union" with slave-holders. Thoreau issued a personal declaration of independence and seceded by himself from the Union. He filed the following document with the town clerk: "Know all men by these presents that I, Henry Thoreau, do not wish to be regarded as a member of any incorporated society which I have not joined."¹

And Garrison had as little affection for the government as Thoreau. He would not even use it for his own ends, beyond petitioning it; and I suppose a man might address a petition

¹ Essay on the Duty of Civil Disobedience.

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to any institution without any implied approval of it. He showed by the vitality of his own influence that the true life of a community is independent and outside of its governmental forms. God is not in the court or the legislature, but in the human soul, and courts and legislatures are the last places in which to find that vital spark. Take our national political system as it is centered in Washington, and the one crowning condemnation of it is that it is not the Real Thing. It is an empty illusion. Like the church of Sardis, it has a name that it lives, and is dead. There is a question that lies deeper than the one of good and evil, and right and wrong. It is the question of vitality. The Real Thing may be good or bad, but it must be alive. God is the Real Thing and the devil is the Real Thing, and in between all are the shams and make-believes and hypocrisies that make up such a large part of existence. And the indictment of Washington is that it is a sham. There is something great in the idea of ruling. Even with all the cruelties of Cortez and Genghis Khan, governing is a great thing—a crime, a sin, an evil, if you will—but still great. But Washington does not rule. It has a name that it rules, and is a slave. Once it was ruled by the oligarchy of Southern landholders and slave-holders. To-day it is ruled

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by the oligarchy of finance. Dig in Pennsylvania avenue and you will soon find Wall street under the surface.

Washington is not the Real Thing. Ostensible, nominal governments rarely are. At their inauguration they are genuine; but nations grow and their forms of government do not keep pace with their growth, and the power gradually passes into other channels and comes from other sources, and yet the old forms continue for ages after the life has left them and people still bow down to the empty shell. The Senate survived in Rome long after the Emperor had become an autocrat. He deferred to the Senate in form, as long as it made no effort to assert itself. And so to-day we speak of Senators from Colorado or New Jersey or Connecticut, and the President of the Senate so addresses them from the chair. If he expressed the truth he would recognize them as the Senators from this, that or the other railway combination, or from such and such a trust. The old power that lay in the people of the States has become absorbed by the vast aggregations of wealth, and the vitality has passed from our politics into our economics. A revolution as great as that of Rome has taken place, and the public does not yet appreciate the fact.

It is easy to say hard and true things of

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Wall Street, but that tortuous and narrow thoroughfare, with its skyscrapers overawing the forgotten church in the graveyard at its head, has after all the one supreme virtue—it is the Real Thing. No one can question its abundant vitality, its vigor, its dominating influence. It has drawn to itself the national center of gravity. It rules, and Washington is only one of its pawns. Wall Street leaves the gilded imitation organ pipes to the statesmen, and plays its own tunes behind them. It has the sense to prefer power to show. The men who rule in Wall Street do not care to have their names appear in the newspapers. They avoid it, and they leave the field of self-advertisement to the politicians who swim on the surface and carry out their behests.

Garrison was justified in his distrust of politicians and political methods, and in addressing himself to the living heart of the people and leaving their officeholders and their Capital alone. The atmosphere of Washington would have been stifling to such a frank and outspoken man, and he would have been out of his element in Congress. Service is higher than office. Someone must needs be President, but to live for others is the special gift of God. The real life of the nation is not to be found at Washington. That fair city, with its marble monuments, its memorial

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statues, recalling so many hatreds and slaughters of the past, and its well-kept lawns and drives, reminds me of nothing so much as a beautiful cemetery—another Woodlawn or Greenwood—where all is dead, with no manufactures, no agriculture, no natural industry—peopled by nothing but the mere effigies of men and women and hiding a festering mass of corruption. Such will never be the source of any true reform.

(4) The message of Garrison was based on abstract morality, and never deviated a hair's breadth one way or the other on account of any discrepancy between the exigencies of theory and those of practice. We have seen that there is sometimes such a discrepancy, but the greatest teachers have always risen above it. It was Lundy's attempt to postpone the immediate claims of emancipation which weakened his mission.

(5) Garrison's message, though springing from a spirit of unusual gentleness, which condemned all recourse to physical force, was couched in the stern and inexorable language of absolute truth. The greatest teachers have never been mealy-mouthed. The word of God is a two-edged sword, and one which should not be beaten into ploughshares. It was a true instinct which made Garrison severe as all the prophets have been severe.

These five attributes of the cause of Aboli-

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tion (and there are doubtless many others which escape me) are, I believe, the hall-marks of all great reforms. We recognize them at once in the history of the early Christians. They, too, counted among them "not many wise men, not many mighty, not many noble"; and the truth which they preached was hidden from the wise and prudent and revealed only unto babes. They, too, were charged with stirring up the people and turning the world upside down, with uttering blasphemy and breaking the Sabbath. Against them the chief priests and rulers, the Caiaphases and Herods and Pilates, presented an unbroken front. They also asserted principles with which for a time at least they justified no compromise, and their Founder, while setting them an example of suffering without lifting a hand in his defense, attacked the respectable sinners of the day in language which has not yet lost its sting.

We do well to question the value of any reform which does not unite these features. Any movement which has its source and chief support among the great and wealthy and learned, which is never accused of rousing the passions of the oppressed or of running counter to the prevailing religion of the time, which finds Church or State friendly and complaisant, which is ready to yield an

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iota in matters of principle, which hesitates to denounce where denunciation is due, and which finally places its reliance in anything but the power of truth—any such movement, if it be weighed, will be found wanting in the elements inherent in a great cause.

Are we ready to learn these lessons, and above all to adopt the methods of peace? They that take the sword shall perish by the sword. How many a brilliant cause has been brought to naught by the folly of its adherents, who sought to secure freedom by the weapons of tyranny! I have recently been reading the life of a reformer who was almost a non-resistant—a man of puritanic habits and simple life, and devoted with his whole soul to the cause of freedom and the people—and yet by yielding to the temptation of using violent means he made his name the object of universal execration. Robespierre was until two years or so before his death a consistent humanitarian and opponent of bloodshed. It is an historical fact that he resigned a lucrative judgeship because he was unwilling to pronounce a sentence of death. When the Revolution was well under way he proposed a bill for the abolition of capital punishment, and made a good fight for it. He refused to be a member of a court to try royalists, and served on a committee to protect the royal family during the September

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massacres. Mobs always filled him with abhorrence; he opposed the war with the allies and took every occasion to protest against a standing army on the highest moral grounds. He was noted as a friend of the Church, even when his friendliness compromised his power, and the Girondists attacked him on account of his belief in God. In debate he was particularly fair minded, insisting on obtaining a hearing for his opponents, and never indulging in personalities. It was with reluctance that he became a member of the terror committee, and he invariably avoided signing the guillotine lists when he could. Again and again he denounced the punishment of men for their opinions, no matter what those opinions might be. When the Gironde fell, it was Robespierre who saved the Right from extermination, and, in short, he was, as his last biographer, Hilaire Belloc, says, "A man by nature opposed to the Terror." Throughout these fearful times he maintained unaltered a dream of a perfect state in which all should be happy and all virtuous. And yet this man gradually gave his consent to the Terror in order that he might maintain his power and realize his vision, until, familiar with its frightful mien, he seized upon it as a means to his end, and was finally destroyed by the extremists whom he intended to kill. It is an

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undoubted fact that his plan was, after a few more days of slaughter, to abolish the revolutionary court and inaugurate his Rousseauan commonwealth; but it is idle to speculate as to what might have happened if he had not fallen so soon. To the end he remained true to some of his ideals. He would not consent to an insurrection in his own behalf until it was too late, nor when arrested would he accept release without the order of the Convention, for the Convention represented his adored People. But for this delay his life would have been saved.

How can such a career as Robespierre's be explained? With Garrison's faith in the unaided power of the right, he would have had a sure clue to follow. Without that faith no man is to be trusted in such an environment. It is difficult for us to imagine the effect of bloodthirsty surroundings; and yet have we not seen in South Africa and China and the Philippines equally striking examples of it? Robespierre became, finally a conspicuous incarnation of all that he most hated, and he reached this point by adopting means which he knew were wrong, to gain an end in which he profoundly believed. He dreaded most of all to be left out of the stream of events—dropped on one side on account of his scruples, and consequently he plunged in, was sucked into the maelstrom, and died,

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having justly earned that reputation which of all others he would most have deprecated. If he had fallen before the trial of the King, or if he had remained true to his conscience and returned home when he found that he could no longer guide his country along the paths of peace, his name would have gone down in history with Garrison's as that of a benefactor of mankind.

When the time comes to make another distinct advance in that great movement towards justice of which the French Revolution and the anti-slavery agitation were episodes, shall we follow the lead of Robespierre or that of Garrison? It is quite possible that a revolution in America to-day would end as did that of 1789 in France. It will not do to pooh-pooh the idea as monstrous. Men who can shoot down prisoners and administer the water torture in the Orient might have no insuperable objection to the guillotine at home. In the case of some great industrial crisis within the next few years, when practically all workmen are idle, let us suppose that they begin to riot in many places at once, and call for the bread which they cannot earn. The ordinary machinery of commerce and of government has broken down. In the midst of the disorder a national convention is called and delegates flock to Washington, with the mutterings and threats of

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discontent and starvation in their ears. They would no longer be the futile politicians of ordinary elections—the absurd and ridiculous mannikins who now strut through the forms of legislation; but real representatives of the people, newly stirred to a consciousness of their needs. I fancy I could name a score of the delegates—men and women of the highest ideals and capacity. Such a representative body would be certain to compare favorably from the point of view of ability with the French Assembly, and it would come together with the same lofty aims and the same devotion to them. Would it end in the same carnival of horror? With the example of the peace-loving Robespierre before us it is impossible to scout the idea. The only safeguard against such a danger is the utter repudiation of all violent methods of reform. Once permit yourself to rely upon rifles and prisons, and the descent is easy to all kinds of cruelty and torture. The lesson of all history is that men are not to be trusted with the power of life and death over their fellows; and any revolution which claims for itself any such power carries in its bosom the seeds of a counter movement which will bring in again the supremacy of the party of reaction. The best mental exercise for reformers is to accustom themselves to the idea of dispensing with the use of physical

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force, and of commending their cause to the higher powers of influence, persuasion and truth.

And Garrison was the true prophet of such a peaceful method. He had the genuine spirit of reform which we might do well to accept from him as an inheritance. He was, indeed, to use his friend Quincy's words, uttered as early as 1838, "one of those rare spirits which heaven at distant periods sends upon the earth on holiest missions." He was, as all such men are, in advance of his time,—“too great . . . to be a representative man at present,” as Harriet Martineau declared, but, she added, “his example may raise up a class hereafter.” Such an example is indeed full of inspiration for those who see in the world around them many evils not altogether unrelated to those against which Garrison struggled so long and so faithfully. But wherever the cause of justice may call us, let us be careful to go in his spirit, for, as one of his fellow-workers truly said, “Non-resistance is the temper of mind in which all enterprises for humanity should be undertaken.”



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